

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## FOUR-YEAR-OLD IN THE BUSH

### A LITTLE MAN GOES FOR A WALK

#### JIMMY SHIELDS AND HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

Days and Nights Alone in the Australian Bush

#### WHERE IS MY MUMMY?

One Monday morning not very long ago little Jimmy Shields was playing outside his home in the remote Mossgiel district of Australia.

Presently he went for a little walk. His mother was busy and did not see him trot away into the Bush.

For some time four-year-old Jimmy wandered about, his bright eyes looking this way and that as he searched for something new and interesting.

Then he became perplexed, for when he thought he was running home he came to nowhere. Whichever way he turned he came only to more speargrass and more clumps of scrub. He did not know where he was.

He grew tired and hungry, and there was no mother to call him in, tie on his bib, and give him his mug of milk.

#### A Bed in the Speargrass

When it was long past teatime the face of the Sun disappeared, darkness came on, and Jimmy Shields began to shiver. It grew very cold. His legs ached so much that he could go no farther; so in the half-darkness he made himself a bed in the tall speargrass, which kept the wind off him. He curled himself up, and very soon he forgot that he was frightened and wanted his mother, for he fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, hungry and thirsty and all forlorn, he gnawed at some crowfoot grasses although they cut his lips and hurt him; and then he went on, for he was resolved to do his best to find his mother.

He had to fight through undergrowth, and soon his clothes were torn to shreds. For six days he wandered, until his small legs had travelled 45 miles. It was bitterly cold at night, and he had only the long grass to shelter himself from the driving rain.

#### Consternation at Home

There was consternation in Jimmy's home when the child did not turn up. A great search was made, but no Jimmy was to be found. Six hundred searchers and a company of black men scoured the country for miles round, and at last all these searchers gave up hope of ever finding the child alive. But one person never gave up hope, and she was Jimmy's mother.

So, for her sake, the hunt was continued, and 45 good-natured sheep-shearers left their sheep behind them and joined in the search, determined to find Jimmy alive or dead.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed, and Saturday arrived, and

### New Friends



Young animals have an irresistible attraction for children, but perhaps none more so than lambs. These recent arrivals on a farm in Bedfordshire soon found two good friends.

still, far away, the four-year-old boy kept on trotting, as pluckily as ever, searching for his home.

By now his clothes were almost torn from his body after so much battling with the undergrowth.

A few minutes before four on the Saturday afternoon he came to the first shelter he had seen since he left home. It was a mustering hut on the Wagga Government Dam, near Hillstone. He ran inside it and spoke to the men there as if in his journeyings his little legs had travelled but a few hundred yards instead of 45 miles.

"Where is Mummy?" he asked.

Then some miraculous chance came about, if we are to call these things miraculous chances. One of the motor searchers stopped a few minutes later as he was passing the hut, and there, to his amazement, he saw Jimmy Shields as large as life though looking a good deal worse for wear. He was almost naked, and his lips were torn

and his tongue was swollen from eating plants and grass.

When they asked him where he had been, and how he had been living, all that Jimmy would say was "Where is my Mummy?" They put him into the car and drove him safe and sound to see his Mummy, and what happened then no words can describe. There is joy unspeakable in the home of Jimmy Shields.

A doctor has said that Jimmy's safe arrival home shows the marvellous vitality of the Australian child. Children of that country live in almost perpetual sunshine, and become well stocked with Vitamins A and B. A learned professor considered that Jimmy had lived on his own vitality, and that the grass and crowfoot, a juicy plant, had given him not nourishment but water, which is said to be almost more of a necessity to life than food.

Perhaps so; but we are sure that Jimmy had something else to live on too. He had his love for his Mummy.

### 20 MEN WHO WOULD NOT GO

#### VERY GALLANT FELLOWS OF THE SEA

The Spirit of Old England Which Pulled Us Through

#### ONE MORE WAR STORY REMEMBERED

After a terrible pit explosion the other day 25 volunteers were asked for and a hundred men rushed forward.

They knew the danger, but they were all willing to face it.

Those men willing to go remind us of 20 men unwilling to go. We heard the scene described by their skipper only the other day.

It happened on a certain night during the Great War.

A Q ship was sinking fast in the Bay of Biscay. A destroyer was sending a small boat, but there was a heavy sea, and the skipper knew that only four men would be able to be taken in that small boat. There were 22 on board, and there would be only time for one trip.

#### The Sinking Ship

From the bridge he gave the order for the men to fall in on the bows of the wreck. His second in command came to him in the darkness to report that the crew were ready. Through the darkness and the rising water the two officers scrambled up to the bows.

Already the stern had sunk, but there the men stood, lined up as quietly as if all were well.

The skipper had to tell them that when the boat reached them only four men could go.

"If you please, sir," said the senior man, "would you mind naming four men, as no one wants to be saved before the others?"

#### Magnificent Seamanship

So the skipper named four men, and the others stood still as the four left. As for the rest, they were saved, to their own thankful amazement, by the magnificent seamanship of the destroyer's skipper and by their own discipline.

The destroyer managed to bump the wreck, as each sea came, and at every bump a man named by the skipper of the wreck jumped in the darkness to safety. There was no wild scramble, no panic, but perfect timing and absolute obedience.

The men who behaved so magnificently had endured a six-hour action with a submarine, had been torpedoed, shelled, set on fire, and had part of their ship blown up; but their unselfishness and their self-control had not been blown up with the timber and iron.

The man who told us of their behaviour won the V.C. in the war and won Burnley in the last election.



## 194 PORTRAITS A LITTLE LONDON SHOW The Beauty and Mystery That Lie in a Face FOR THOSE WHO PAINT AND THOSE WHO DO NOT

A beautiful thing is happening in London amid the noise and the fogs, the contentions in Parliament, and the dead leaves blowing about St James's.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters are holding their fortieth annual exhibition, and they have hung the Institute rooms in Piccadilly with 194 portraits, just about the right number for ordinary people to look at without getting dazed.

They call them portraits, but they are much more. Out of the busy streets we pass and suddenly see, as if a curtain had been raised in front of us, the power of eternal beauty and the search after truth, the dreams of artists like a sweet spring on a salt shore, keeping the Earth fresh and unjaded.

### Art Down the Centuries

This is the first thing we see: the great impersonality of art, ever changing and always the same, coming down through the centuries since the first Chinese artist shaped a thing of genius to tantalise the world.

Then we see the people on the walls and wonder that so much can be shown in canvases of a few square feet, so much pride and arrogance, so much lovely kindness and justice, so much joy for the work's sake.

That is as it should be in such an exhibition, for if a portrait painter is any good he strips a person of all pretence and shows him plain to the world, all his secrets creeping out of eyes and mouth and for ever fastened to that canvas. This is the genius that made the great period of English portrait painting, and this it is which keeps that bright flame alive today.

There are old and young here in these canvases, people of all kinds of circumstances and ambitions, some you would like to see in your own home, some you would be a little afraid of. There are middle-aged faces that have been kind and dear for many years, and young faces that are going to be kind and dear and just now are excited about life and all there is to be done.

Several of these faces are thinking too much about themselves, like that nameless face painted so wonderfully by Mr Spencer Watson.

### As Their Friends See Them

There are men painted in their own homes, as their friends see them, like Sir John Lavery's 14. There are many public men, such as Mr Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, and Earl Spencer. Another good face, shrewd and kind, is Sir Frederick Taylor of the Bank of Montreal. The two best among the ladies, Miss Cathleen Mann's 63 and the Hon. John Collier's 139 are lovely to people who know nothing about painting, and wonderful specimens of treatment to art students.

Anyone who wants to draw, or has drawn, or thinks he can draw, should go to this exhibition, and see what can be done with charcoal and a palette, and what a great deal more than he ever dreamed of there is in a human face.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Haifa	Hy-fah
Hyderabad	Hi-der-a-bahd
Kagu	Kah-goo
Odyssey	Odd-e-se
Seoul	Se-ool
Staten	Stat-en

## A KAGU SURPRISE WHAT THE KEEPER FOUND Zoo Mother Who Refused to Learn Her Duties SAD STORY OF A BABY MONKEY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Winter is hardly the ideal time for nesting and rearing chicks, but a pair of kagus at the Zoo are quite indifferent to this fact.

In the middle of November these rare birds from New Caledonia became the proud owners of an egg, and if, as they are hoping, they manage to hatch a chick their offspring will be the first of its kind to be bred in the menagerie.

No other examples of the kagu exhibited at the Zoo have made the slightest effort to raise a family, but in the autumn this particular pair, appearing anxious to nest, were removed to the Ostrich House, where they were provided with an indoor apartment and a communicating outdoor cage in which the grass had been allowed to grow long.

### What the Kagu Looks Like

Indoor and outdoor cages were furnished with a nesting-box lined with straw, and the birds seemed pleased with their change of residence. One day the keeper peeped inside the nesting-box and discovered the first kagu egg ever laid at the Zoo.

The kagu is a blue-grey bird who looks like a stumpy heron, but is really a relative of the bittern. He is about the same size as, or rather larger than, a fowl. The egg, however, is large in proportion to the bird, being twice as big as a large-sized egg laid by a domestic fowl.

It has a smoky tinge, and appears at one end to have greyish spots. But to examine the egg is impossible, because, though the kagus are normally quiet-tempered, they have become aggressively anxious to protect the egg, and naturally must not be disturbed.

Other November additions to the Zoo's nursery were a blackbuck, a hog deer, and a baby pig-tailed monkey. Unfortunately the monkey died because his mother neglected him.

### Lack of Knowledge

This is a very sad story, for the mother's neglect did not seem due to indifference, but to lack of knowledge.

She was interested in her offspring, and often picked him up to nurse and suckle him; but she would not realise that a baby monkey must always hang on to his mother's body with his arms and legs, and never leave her until he is old enough to walk. When she placed the youngster on the floor he naturally screamed, but frequently when she attempted to pick him up he followed his instinct to cling, and clung to the wires, and so seemed to be resisting her.

In the hope that the mother monkey would learn her maternal duties she was removed to the Zoo's hospital and kept in secluded quarters. But it was no use. She refused to look after her baby properly and to carry him about with her wherever she went, and yet she refused to part with him. And so the poor little baby monkey could not be saved.

### THE TIN HAT

There is to be a saving of £27,000 on hats.

But husbands and fathers must not rejoice too soon. Women have not formed an economy league and pledged themselves to wear old hats till the national crisis is over. It is men who are to go without, and we do not think they will mind.

The War Office has decided, 13 years after the war, to issue no more tin hats to Territorials.

## FARMER'S BOY WHO WOULD NOT TELL What War is Like STIRRING MEMORY OF GENERAL SEELY

General Seely has just given the world a terrible story of what happens in war.

During the Boer War young Captain Seely had news that a certain enemy commander was sleeping at a farm, and with a small patrol he hurried off to capture him. The Boer had slipped away just before they arrived, and this meant, not only that they had missed him, but that he knew of their coming. They would almost surely be ambushed and killed, or, in General Seely's words, "worse still, captured," unless they could discover where the commando lay.

### Patriotism and Devotion

The only human being they could question was a Boer boy of 12, who was left on the farm. He refused to answer them. Because the danger to his men was so great Captain Seely was obliged to threaten him, though it went against the grain of a good Englishman. In war these things are done. The boy was told he would be shot if he still refused to speak; the soldiers were even told to bring their rifles to the ready.

"Then," says General Seely, writing all these years after, "I saw one of the most beautiful things that I have ever seen in my life. The boy was transfixed by patriotism and devotion. He lifted his head, looked me straight in the face, put his hands behind his back, and said in a loud, clear voice: 'Ich sall ne sag.'"

He would not say. But no shot rang out. The English captain was smiling and shaking the boy's hand.

It was a bewildered boy who saw the British patrol ride away. Although they returned by another route they were attacked, as Captain Seely had foreseen. Luckily, help came in the nick of time, and the patrol got back to their own line with only a few casualties.

The tale is told in General Seely's new book called *Fear and Be Slain*, published by Hodder & Stoughton at 12s 6d.

Since the book was published the boy has been identified as Jacob Johannes Cornelius Greyling, now living in the Bethlehem district of Orange River Colony.

### THAT BLESSED THING SECURITY

The Spanish Ambassador, speaking lately in Geneva, felt able to say of Spain something desired by every nation on Earth.

"Happily I represent," he said, "one of the safest countries in the world. It is surrounded by friends. It fears nothing from these friends and consequently it does not look upon security as do those who feel themselves insecure."

Obviously, then, the remedy for insecurity is to have friends and to be friends with those around you. Be friends with your neighbour and your neighbour will be friends with you; and both will have full security.

### 70 YEARS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

After serving the British Museum for over seventy years Mr Gregory W. Eccles, the senior surviving member of the staff, has passed on at 93.

He started work as long ago as 1857, and his years of patience in cataloguing thousands of books have helped to make the British Museum Library one of the best organised libraries in the world.

The Grand Old Man of the British Museum was one of those original characters who are the salt of life, and his wit and dry humour will not be forgotten for many a day.

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR A STORK The Bird With a Broken Wing HOW KINDNESS TOOK IT HOME

Only a week or two ago we told of the French stork found in a Vienna park and sent back to Versailles by train.

We wondered then whether the news of Vienna's aeroplane trips for swallows was getting known in the bird world, and we consoled with this stork on being sent home by train instead of being sent by aeroplane.

Now we hear of a luckier stork. If he landed in Belgrade hoping for an aeroplane trip he has not been disappointed. Or perhaps he was quarrelling with another stork and, flying carelessly, knocked against a tree or a post, for he seems to have made a forced landing, with only one wing working properly.

There he crouched on a roof, miserably watching the regiment in the clouds go whirling on without him. But he had friends in Belgrade, though he did not know it. Someone saw that leggy, gamut shape crouching on the coping. There is a Society for the Protection of Animals in Belgrade, and by means best known to themselves some members enticed and caught the stork and did what they could for his bruised wing.

### By Pullman de Luxe

The next question was what to do with him. They could not throw him up in the air, like a sparrow caught in the sitting-room. Few single birds have the courage to face a migration alone. The stork would certainly die if left in Belgrade, where winters can be very hard.

The stork's friends thought it over, and the result is that they have sent the stork all by himself, first-class passenger, Pullman de Luxe, in an aeroplane bound for Constantinople. A letter goes with him to the Turkish S.P.C.A. begging them to help the stork on his way to his friends, "in the name of humanity."

We feel sure the appeal will not be disregarded, and we wish the stranded stork of Belgrade a happy Christmas among his friends.

## JOHN RUSKIN'S MOTHER A Lost Tribute Found

A stone engraved by John Ruskin, long thought to be lost, has been discovered in a pavement at Carshalton. This is the inscription on it:

*In obedience to the Giver of Life, of the brooks and fruits that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men's flocks and flowers and be by kindness called Margaret's Well.*

*This pool was beautified and endowed by John Ruskin, M.A., LL.D.*

The stone was originally fixed near Margaret's Pool, Carshalton, which Ruskin cleaned out and named after his mother, who lived close by.

### THINGS SAID

The modern girl is not so bad as she is painted—*except when she is painted.*

Headmistress of Clifton High School

True patriotism wishes its country to serve the world, not dominate it.

Miss Maude Royden

I look forward confidently to the day when the Indian people will have assumed fully and completely their Dominion status.

Mr Winston Churchill in 1921

I never bowed and never will to anybody simply because they are better-to-do or more fortunate in material affairs than I have been.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald

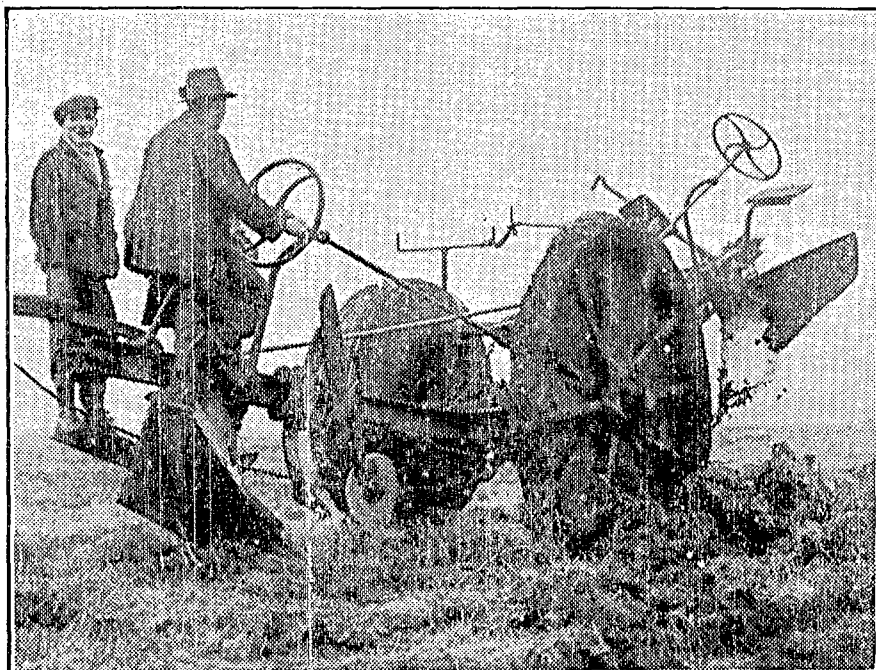


December 12, 1931

*The Children's Newspaper*

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# THE WINDJAMMER • BOY SCOUTS AS WOODMEN • PLOUGHING INDOORS



**A Curious Plough**—This giant plough is breaking up new land for cultivation in Worcestershire. Two steam engines haul it to and fro with a steel cable, and it has two steering wheels.



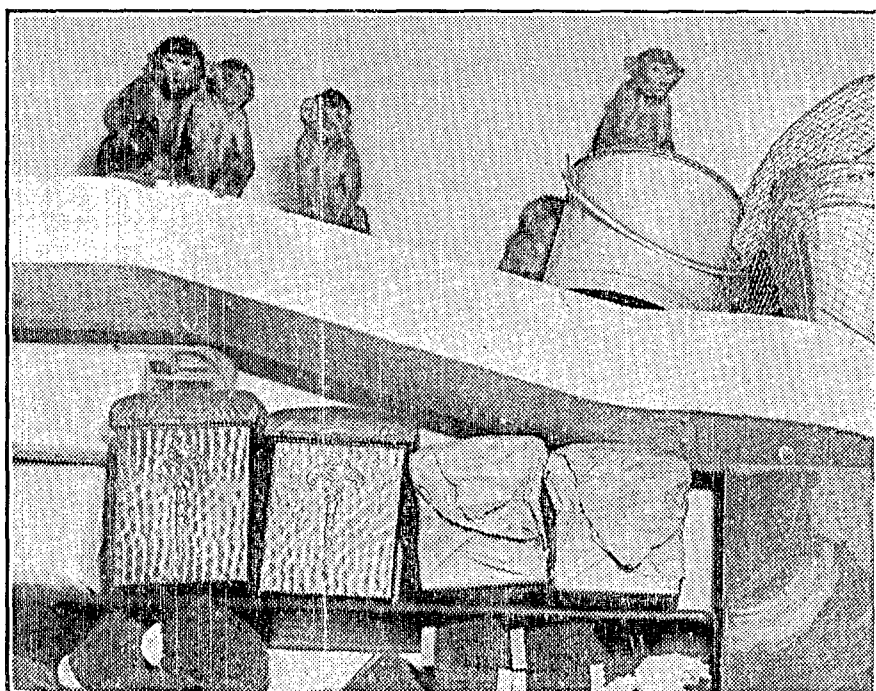
**Admiring the View**—After a sharp canter along the splendid sands at Weston-super-Mare these riders climbed on to the sand-dunes to admire the view across the Bristol Channel.



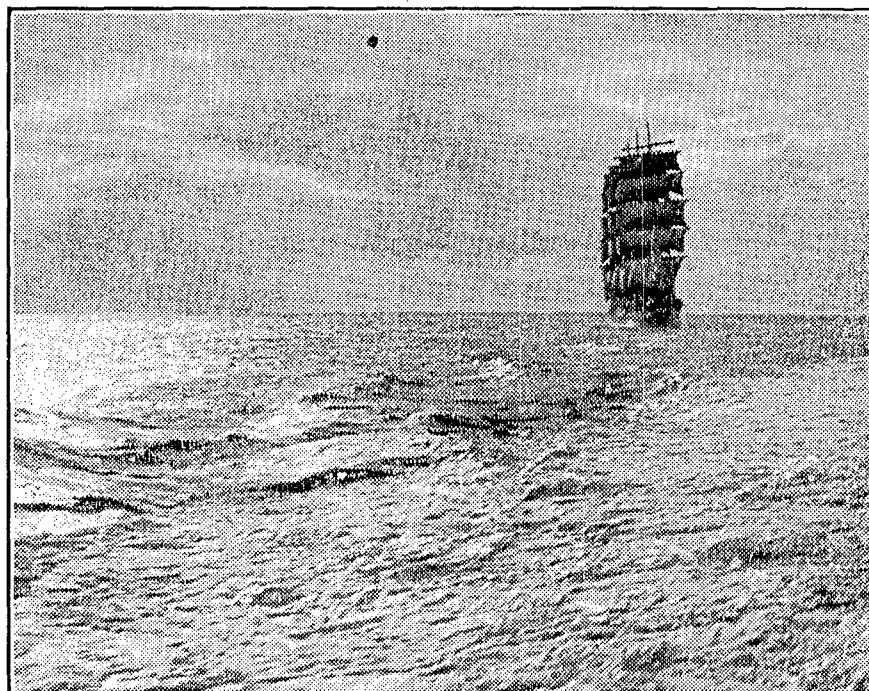
**Boy Scout Woodmen**—Boy Scouts in the Bewdley district have had a wonderful opportunity for becoming efficient woodmen, for Mr T. Nellist Wilks, their District Commissioner, invited them to fell trees in his grounds at Wharton Park.



**Ploughing Under Glass**—Two of the largest greenhouses in the world have been erected for tomato-growing at Beckford near Evesham, where the unusual sight of a plough at work indoors has been witnessed, as shown here.



**Monkeys at Large**—Sixteen little monkeys escaped from their cage in a London store the other day, and some of them defied recapture from a shelf near the ceiling.



**In the North Sea**—The passing of any type of boat at sea is attractive to everyone, but when the vessel is a full-rigged sailing ship, like the Hans, even sailors are impressed.



## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST WILLIAM WALTON'S FINE ACHIEVEMENT

### Great Reception For a Work of Genius

### A TRIUMPH FOR ENGLISH MUSIC

When young William Walton was scarcely out of his teens he began to write beautiful things in music which made the poems he chose sound more lovely still.

Next he set about composing music for a scene that his imagination had made from a picture of the stirring times and fights of our gallant Jack Tars to keep Napoleon from our shores; and the music was stirring too.

Last year young Walton wrote a lovely piece of music that made all the musicians of Europe (who had come to the International Music Festival) sit up and think; now he has written this wonderful music not only for orchestra, but with a double chorus of voices and two brass bands as well.

### An Exciting Moment

It was this tremendous riot of sound, Belshazzar's Feast, that was played at the Queen's Hall the other evening, and for it Walton had certainly ordered all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men; and quite out of breath they must have been at the end.

The B.B.C. Orchestra, 114 players strong, and the National Chorus all took part. Dr Adrian Boult, who had the task of conducting everybody through pages of very difficult music, entered so thoroughly into its spirit that at one exciting moment his baton fell from his hand, and for a second he had to conduct with his hand. Seldom do we restrained islanders let ourselves go, but when we do the roof begins to quiver!

### Isaiah's Solemn Warning

The music starts with the solemn warning of the prophet Isaiah: "Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand!" sung by men's voices. Then comes the beautiful music to words even more beautiful. "By the waters of Babylon there we sat down," very softly sung by the whole choir, without accompaniment. Next comes the stirring declamation, "Babylon was a great city, her merchandise was of gold and silver," half-spoken, half-sung by a man's voice.

The description of the wickedness, orgy, riot, and feasting which King Belshazzar had planned follows, his hymns to false gods, idols, and devils. This is surely one of the most complete musical pictures ever written.

### The Writing on the Wall

Suddenly the music ceases, and the voice is heard again, this time telling that he sees a man's handwriting on the wall. Music of low-stringed instruments steals softly in, then ever more and more men's voices, till there comes a single shout: "In that night was the king slain," and then a silence.

Quickly now the music breaks in upon us again, and the hymn of praise is sung by a happy people released from terror and bondage. But again all is quiet, and a lovely fugue is sung, slowly, by all the voices in turn, till, at the very end, the whole orchestra bursts in with a movement of triumph and exultation. Alleluia! sings the choir; and finally seven swift chords follow one another.

A real climax. William Walton is a genius, and an Englishman of whom we should be proud. Rarely has so young a man achieved such an immense success.

### LITTLE PLANE'S GREAT FLIGHT

The Atlantic has now been flown by a light aeroplane of only 120 h.p. Mr Bert Hinkler, flying a Pass Moth, crossed from Natal in Brazil to Bathurst in Gambia, about 2000 miles, in 22 hours.

## THE PRIME MINISTER LOOKS BACK ON HIS WONDERFUL LIFE

The Prime Minister made one of his best speeches to a gathering of friends who gave him a birthday dinner the other night. There were many famous people beside him, some of them Scottish lads with him in the long ago, all of them his well-wishers in these days. Was ever a more romantic life than Mr MacDonald's has been?

I SHOULD be far more than human—and I may say that I am endowed with all the weaknesses of humanity—I should be far more than human, I should be a monstrosity, if as I sat here I did not feel that the past was my most intimate and immediate companion, and that the past at this moment should sit by me with something like open-eyed wonder at what is happening. A part of that past throws up its hands in simple bewilderment, and like an old Lossiemouth fisher-wife who greeted me a few years ago at the station with the homely, kindly, bewildered expression, "Weel, Jimmy, wonders will never cease."

Sitting here and standing here, it is a wonderful progression of events and incidents which passes before one. And how small the world is in it all.

### Barrie and I

There is Barrie, for instance. He started at Kirriemuir and came down to London, and there he is. One of the great distinctions which Barrie and I have in common is this: that he had a great schoolmaster for three hours. I believe he was so unruly he was kicked out. I had that same schoolmaster for about two years.

And not only that, but when this wanderer came to London and walked up and down the streets looking for something which would have cheered his decent young Scottish heart and given him some, at any rate limited, satisfaction, he found a certain baker's shop in Red Lion Street. I found the same baker's shop, and as Barrie has celebrated Doig, the baker, where he went to buy cheap and delicious buns, so did I. I know Doig's buns.

### Along Life's By-ways

My friends, there is really a great advantage in coming up through life not on the broad, smooth highway, but by the unmade, rather muddy sometimes, by-ways where you get human comedy and human tragedy unrehearsed, where you meet the ups and downs, the loves and hates, the sacrifices, the kindnesses, the humanities of life without any rehearsals, without any staged preparation, but just the essential facts of life, humanity itself.

And it is very strange how some of those experiences survive. May I give you two of mine? It is a very hard, frosty morning. We have got up while it is still dark, and we have trudged a mile or two along a frost-bound road, and we get into a potato field. As I am standing there someone comes and gives me a slap on my frost-bitten ear. The very thought of it at this moment makes me cringe with pain. And sitting sometimes on the front Government Bench, and even with the great pride and great distinction of having John Buchan as my follower, and allowing my thoughts to wander, that incident that morning in November comes back to me and I rub my sorely injured frost-bitten ear.

### An Ever Living Memory

There is another. It is a field in the harvest time, and the early embodiment of the modern reaping machine is clattering merrily along, and there is a score of people, laughing, singing, busy binding the sheaves and putting them into the stooks. A young woman, dressed in a print dress and a sun hat on her head, stops and holds out her hand to a youth about three years of age. We walk home together through the woods bathed in sunshine, birds singing, happy, holding each other's hands; and that is the second memory that will live with me for ever as long as memory is mine.

I shall never cease to be grateful for the fact that I happened to be born in Moray-

shire, one of the richest counties in personality, in men, in scenery, in achievement, and one looked out into the world around about when it was peopled with ghosts of schools and schoolmasters—Cecil the baker doing his work in the first part of the night as a baker and going out on to the plains of Caithness to acquire that wonderful and entrancing knowledge which he had of botany and geology—they lit a fire that made something in one's personality glow with reality; they illustrate in their lives the glory of going on. Attainment! What a lot of nonsense some of these would-be biographers write about people, that in their young days they put a goal in front of them, that they sacrificed everything to reach that goal, that stage by stage they approached it, and from opportunity to opportunity they went nearer and nearer to it. It is all rubbish. It is not true as regards facts; it is not true as regards human nature.

### What Achievement Is

Achievement is, as Tennyson's line says so truly, the energy, the satisfaction, the glory of going on irrespective of what you are gaining; it is the sheer pleasure and satisfaction, the increasing volume and flood of life that you meet when you are going on with interest in the work that you are doing; and not only with the dead, but with the living.

That old character educated to the Church, with a face like a benevolent Churchman, who by some reason or other (the Recording Angel alone can explain that reason) came to wheel his barrow of bowls up and down the streets of Lossiemouth, and he put a little piece of wood in front of his handspokes, and on that wood he put a volume of Tacitus or Herodotus and read his Latin and his Greek as he bawled out to the expectant ears of the housewives, "Rags and Bones, Rags and Bones."

### An Affectionate Dominic

And one day, never to be forgotten by me, he saw me with a certain book in my hand and said, "Are you interested in these things?" and I said "I am," and he said, "Tak' that," and gave me a volume of Herodotus's History in translation, and for months afterwards supplied me with the only library I had ever possessed up to then. And then you get a dominic such as I had, gracious in aspect, as gentle as a woman in the tones of his voice, as affectionate as a father, as keen as keen could be, holding out a hand to me and saying, "This is a far-away parish, but there are other parishes, and maybe if you go there you will do something, but if you do it I hope you will never forget me and the old public school."

### Getting On In Years

What gorgeous surroundings those were to be born among! But I am afraid those reminiscences prove one thing, and that is that I am getting on in years. May I say this?—that if sometimes one feels like one of those trees at the top end of the Rothiemurchus Forest, wandering up the slopes of the Cairngorms, getting thinner and thinner and more and more divided from their immediate companions, if one sometimes feels that in life that is happening, as that feeling grows and one loves one's fireside more and more, and feels the presence of those who are not, even more keenly than the presence of those who are, this evening, this dinner, this very kindly reception of men and women of my own kith and kin, will be stored away in my memory, and that memory will become alive and it will give me comfort and add to my peace?

## ENGLAND LOSES HER OLDEST INHABITANT

### A Giant of the Zoo

### ALIVE AT THE TIME OF WATERLOO

Full of years and greatly respected, one of the most undoubted centenarians of our time has passed away from the London Zoo.

She was Blob, the giant tortoise, who was without doubt 120 years old, and may have been older. But in the Seychelles Islands, from which she had made the journey in 1919, all the records proved that she had resided there since George the Third was king.

It was a long and strange journey for a centenarian of Blob's standing to make, from the equatorial heats of the Indian Ocean to the dubious winters of Regent's Park, but she bore it without sign of disturbance.

Nothing, in fact, seemed to disturb Blob, whose placid existence seemed to be one intermittent doze, and there seemed to be no reason why she should not have reached her second century.

### A Race Dying Out

That some of these giant tortoises have been said to do. But future centuries will have even less opportunity than ours of testing the belief, for the race is dying out. It is strange that practically all of them come from islands near the Equator, from the Seychelles, in the Eastern hemisphere, and from the Galapagos in the Western one.

Buccaneers and passing vessels contributed to exterminate the colony of the Galapagos tortoises, and there are few of the giants left in comparison with their former numbers. But an expedition to the islands a few years ago revealed the interesting fact, that they do still live and breed there.

They are probably the longest lived of all living creatures in suitable conditions, and physiologists attribute their longevity to the slowness of their natural processes.

### A MIXED TEAM

### The Way to Peace For India

### FOOTBALLERS OF HYDERABAD

At Hyderabad a team of British soldiers had a great surprise the other day.

They were astonished at the fine football of a team composed of an outcaste Hindu goalkeeper, an Anglo-Indian, and a high-caste Hindu full-back, a Mohammedan centre-forward, and a sprinkling of Indian Christians. The team not only played together, but sat down to tea together. Yet a few years ago the high-caste Hindu would have called the goalkeeper unclean and felt it a sin to eat with him.

This better state of affairs has been brought about by a Guild formed originally for men belonging to the Wesleyan Church at Hyderabad, but soon invaded by non-Christians. Christian Indians wanted to bring their friends into the football team or the badminton club, and they were permitted. Now there are Mohammedans and Hindus, outcasts and men of high-caste, all playing together, forgetting old hatreds and enjoying a new fellowship.

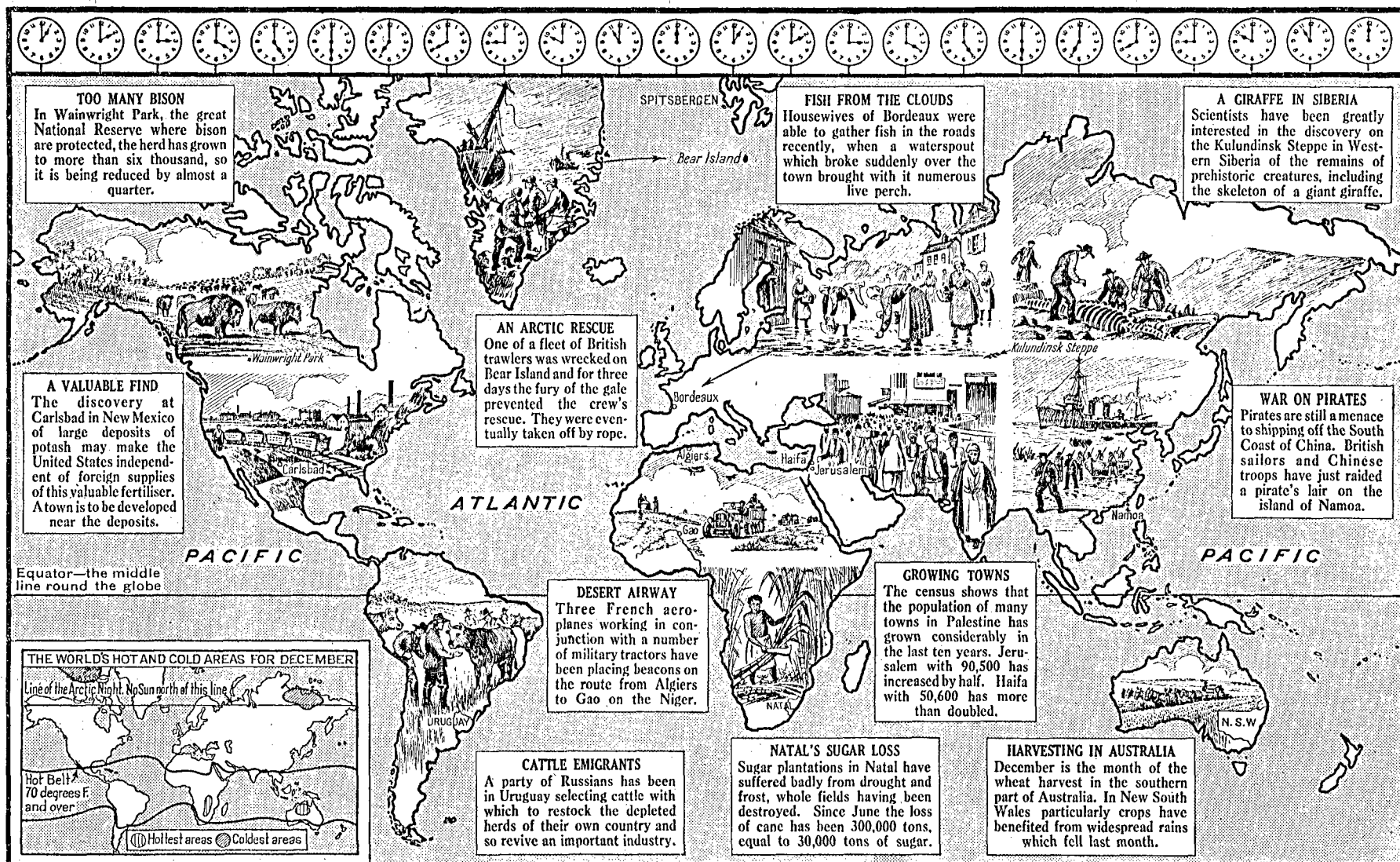
It is assuredly a fine piece of work that is being done. From such things alone can come peace to India.

### FRANCE'S WORKING DAY

France does not yet give a weekly half-holiday to its shop and office workers; the nine-hour day for six days in the week is the practice in the provinces. But Paris has taken matters into its own hands, and some of the big shops now close for a half-day. These shops decided to choose a morning for their holiday, and they do not open on Mondays until one o'clock.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## OXFORD'S LOST CAUSE University and the Bible

Oxford, which was called the home of lost causes, has lost one of the greatest of them, the cause of the Bible.

The University has abolished the preliminary examination in Divinity, which all undergraduates had to pass, because it was felt to be out of date and out of keeping with modern requirements.

It was not a very sensible sort of examination, because its conventional questions asked for information about the Books of the Bible, which was not valuable, and it demanded acquaintance with the Thirty-Nine Articles, which are not in Scripture.

If the examination was faulty it should have been changed. The study of the Bible should have been kept.

When that study is abolished at a university it ceases to be a subject for attention at the public schools, whose scholars are sent to it. So in a widening circle neglect spreads of the greatest of all books, and one which in its English translation is a well of the purest English undefiled.

It is strange that a learned university should encourage its disuse when the common people are buying the Bible at the rate of a million copies a year.

## POOH IN A BOX

As each Christmas goes by a new procession of Story Folk appear in their blue box, cut out and painted and waiting to act the story in the box with them.

This year it is Pooh's turn to make his bow, a very stiff one, for he is cut out of wood and is in any case rather fat. The story tells how he went visiting Rabbit and, after eating a lot of a little something, got stuck in Rabbit's hole.

Here he is before and after that meal, and here are Rabbit and Piglet and, of course, Christopher Robin, to get them all out of their troubles. Even Rabbit's hole is here too. It is a splendid box for 6d, published by Methuen's.

## A KNOWING ROBOT Something Like a Miracle

In Liverpool a new Robot is being tried for traffic signalling.

It looks like the ordinary familiar machine, with its Stop, Caution, and Go; but this new Robot is different; it has the human touch!

The usual signal is worked on a time-switch, and times always the same, no matter what the volume of traffic; but the new one has a detector set flush with the road surface. Every vehicle passing that spot is signalled by means of an electric impulse, and is registered. By the number and speed of these registrations the mechanism of the Robot is guided, and when the volume of passing traffic reaches a certain point the signals change long enough to let the denser procession pass, and slow traffic need not penalise swift traffic.

## AN ISLAND IN TROUBLE The Starving Folk of Foula

The inhabitants of Foula, a tiny island twenty miles from the Shetlands, are in a sad way, and it is suggested that, like the St Kilda islanders, they should be removed to the mainland.

Their trouble has arisen through the supply of foodstuffs and other necessities running low, for the only shop Foula possessed closed months ago, and as there are more than 100 folk on the island the people are feeling extremely anxious.

The islanders posted off letters to the mainland appealing for a shop to be opened, but the County Council is only now considering the question, gales having caused the mail boat to be three weeks late.

It is to be hoped that a remedy will quickly be found, so that we can truly wish the folk of Foula a jolly Christmas.

A carrier pigeon landed at Long Island from Venezuela after flying 2000 miles over mountains, sea, and forest.

## FRIENDS TOGETHER Salvationists in Canterbury Cathedral

For the first time in history the Salvation Army has met in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, with General Higgins in the pulpit.

The service was attended by members of the Corporation, and the Dean and Chapter took part, the Dean offering prayer and pronouncing the Blessing.

General Higgins, in his address, said how deeply his emotions were stirred as he addressed that congregation in that sacred and historic edifice, not only because of the association which that building had with the establishment and development of the religion of their Lord, but because of the significance of the service itself.

## MANCHESTER'S WEATHER MAN

Manchester's weather prophet has died, after a short illness.

Thousands of people will miss the good-tempered man who, often as early as six on a summer morning, answered the queries of holiday-makers concerning that fickle creature the Weather.

Mr William Jenkins, who for 29 years had worked at Godlee Observatory, Manchester, was well known as a meteorological expert, and, being on such intimate terms with the Weather, was able to predict with remarkable accuracy all her vagaries. His forecasts were in great demand and the telephone bell was always ringing for his help.

Mr Jenkins leaves a daughter, Winifred, who performed her father's work at the Observatory during his last illness, and, having been a close student of his methods, she hopes to succeed him.

Thousands of acres of forest land in Canada have been turned over to the Canadian Boy Scouts to reforest and to protect as wild-life preserves.

## WORLD PICTURES Beautiful Photographs of All Countries

### THE JOY OF COMMON THINGS

The most beautiful and interesting amateur photographs taken in the Great World Competition have been on show in Geneva.

Preliminary competitions had previously been held in many countries, and, all in all, three million photographs were entered. It was the enlargements of the 282 that won the various national prizes which were on view in Geneva, when the name of the fortunate winner of the International first prize, a Manchester man, was announced.

Simplicity itself marked this first prize, just a girl sitting on a cliff with sea and setting Sun for background. Others were almost equally beautiful. A dandelion, damp with dew and a sun ray lighting up its petals, won a prize in Japan; the Acropolis, seen through trees and with a superb light effect, was a winner in Greece. Magda Trajtler of Hungary, aged 12, snapped her small brother and caught his smile so splendidly that she carried off one of the Hungarian prizes. Major Tyndal, in the neighbourhood of Nairobi, took an instantaneous picture of some native sports, one man in the act of leaping over a lance held by another, and gained a prize with it. A Spanish prize was awarded to Luis Gurbindo of Pampaluna for a picture of bulls being pushed toward the arena, a Czechoslovak prize to Antonin Zehradnick for a motor-race, and a Danish one to Erik Petersen of Copenhagen for seagulls on the wing.

So from all over the world came these lovely pictures to delight the eye, and to bring people nearer together in the love of the common joy of the camera.

## To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher  
to use the Humane Killer



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 12 1931

## The Dazzling Opportunity of America

It was written of old that Pharaoh hardened his heart and would not let the children of Israel go until sore tribulation befell him.

We hope it will not have to be written that America has played the part of Pharaoh to Europe. The Hoover War Debt Moratorium lasts only until next July, and the months are speeding fast. Still we wait to know what President Hoover intends to do when the moratorium expires.

The British Government has stated officially, and it is true, that in 50 years, if the debt agreements survive, America will still be drawing from Europe on account of War Debts over a million pounds a week.

It would actually take a day's labour of 320,000,000 European workers to pay this annual tribute.

We may compare this statement with what Mr Carter Glass, then secretary of the American Treasury, said in April 1919.

*For nearly three years before we began to fight with the Allies the United States profited tremendously in a commercial and industrial sense by the European War. Immense fortunes were made. Prosperity pervaded our land.*

*Our domestic trade was almost past computation, our foreign trade in many lines epochal. We imported more than a thousand million dollars in gold from debtor nations.*

We may add what Mr Hoover himself said before he was President, in February 1917, two months before America declared war on Germany.

*America will be rich, prosperous, and wealthy as the result of this war. We shall have made untold millions of this wealth out of the woe and swelter of Europe. The money which has come to us from these people is money in trust, and unless America recognises this trust she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession.*

We must hope that America will do her duty by the world and voluntarily relieve Europe of a burden she is quite unable to meet. The facts of the case are very strong, and America's first interest is to restore her own prosperity by restoring equilibrium to world finance. She has a dazzling opportunity.

The War Debts, we may remind America, were incurred because America sent to Europe guns, shells, and other war stores so that European soldiers could fight while she herself prepared an army.

America gave to the cause *not Gold but Goods*. Now she refuses to receive goods as interest, and demands gold and securities. It is a course which cannot be justifiably defended.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Great Man

MARIA EDGEWORTH, like the rest of her generation, idolised Sir Walter Scott.

At last she met her hero, and described him afterwards as "one of the best bred men I ever saw." Why? Because he was "delightfully natural, as if he did not know he was Walter Scott . . . as if he only thought of making others happy. As I sat beside him at supper I could not believe he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man."

If there were nothing else delightful in F. V. Barry's selection from Maria Edgeworth's letters this new book would have been worth publishing for that little sketch of perfect manners.

## Aunt Sally in Surrey

PERHAPS in these days of economy a little attention might be given to a new law which allows our municipalities to spend money on advertising their attractions.

We notice that in Surrey there are already about 800 petrol stations, whereas in Herefordshire, with a bigger area and at least an equal attraction for motorists, there are nothing like 80. Is it not perhaps one reason why Herefordshire is much more attractive than Surrey?

But it seems a pity that we should have to spend money, in times like these, to tempt people to come and see the countryside because we are making the countryside so ugly that it will no longer attract people itself.

## Tale of a Grandfather

THIS story has just been told by a grandson of Tolstoy about the extreme simplicity of the appearance of the famous writer.

One day at the railway station at Zasseka a train had just stopped. A lady leaning out of the window called Tolstoy, whom she took for a peasant, and asked him to bring her some boiling water in her teapot. He did what he was asked to do and received a small tip as his reward. As he was going away he was recognised, and the lady was overcome with confusion, and asked him to give her the tip back again. This he refused to do, saying that he had really earned it.

He himself told the story, and boasted that he was still able to earn his living.

## 5s in the £

OUT of over £8,000,000 spent on Irish Sweepstakes only £2,000,000 have reached the hospitals.

By this much-advertised system, therefore, less than five shillings in the pound is rescued from the proceeds for the charity concerned.

Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Jesus

## The Wonderful Teacher

THERE is a good idea for embarrassed teachers in the Life of Benjamin Constant, the French writer. Nobody could teach him anything until a new master came.

"Let us have a game," said he. "Let us invent a new language for us two, a rich and beautiful language surpassing all others."

It struck the imagination of Benjamin, and they set to work, elaborating a strange alphabet which the teacher wrote down, preparing a small dictionary of words. They got on amazingly well together, and one day when he was famous Benjamin Constant, telling this story in his diary, wrote:

*That is how my master succeeded in teaching me Greek.*

## Tip-Cat

AN Irishman says that many of his race have turned-up noses. But they won't take snubs.

REVOLVING stables for cows are being used in America. A revolution in farming.

BY economising on spending we shall be able to save enough to pay the

man who is unemployed through our not spending.

STAMPS were stuck all over a painting at an exhibition. Not the stamp of genius.

WE are told that a man should spend as he goes. But how much will he have left when he gets there?

ALL classes these days are ag-grieved classes, says a writer. So it is better to be no class.

AN actress has been singing down a coal mine. In a low voice.

OWING to a scientific discovery the dentist's drill may be stopped. Instead of teeth?

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

VOLUNTARY offerings from London hospital patients were last year the highest on record.

AN old patient of Manchester Infirmary has just sent £10 for what was done for him 21 years ago.

BOY SCOUTS have devoted two week-ends to scavenging the sand dunes of Sizewell Beach in Suffolk, burying 12 cartfuls of tins and bottles.

## JUST AN IDEA

*The more people improve in themselves, the more they live in unity together.*

## Johnnie

By Our Country Girl

WHEN Johnnie's there  
The weather's fair  
And I don't care  
For rain or snow.  
The wind may blow,  
But I don't know  
When Johnnie's there.

THE blackbirds sing,  
The air's like Spring,  
My cares take wing,  
When Johnnie's there:  
Plain bread and dry  
Seems peacock pie,  
So rich am I  
When Johnnie's there.

BUT Johnnie's three!  
The years will flee  
And soon there'll be  
No Johnnie there;  
And with my son  
I'll lose the sun  
When school's begun  
And Johnnie's there.

## The Darkest Days Will Pass

THIS is not from a newspaper of today; it is from a magazine of 74 years ago, Harper's Weekly.

*It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment.*

*In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs like a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian situation, and with disturbed relations in China.*

*Of our own troubles no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money, and thus by painful poverty to be taught wisdom, no man need seriously despair. Yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.*

Is it not one of the most prophetic passages ever printed, without the least attempt at prophecy? And does it not show us once again that the darkest days will pass?

## To a Boy and a Maid

Listen, my boy; I've a word for you;  
And this is the word: Be true! be true!

At work or at play, in darkness or light,  
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl; I've a word for you;  
Tis the very same: Be true! be true!

For the truth is the sun and falsehood the night.  
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.



## THE DIGNITY OF THE OVAL

### NOT TO GO TO THE DOGS

#### Duchy of Cornwall Abandons an Unhappy Proposal

#### A BAD WAY OF ABOLISHING SLUMS

Kennington Oval will continue to echo to the crack of the bat against the cricket ball. It will not resound with the hoarse exhortations of bookmakers and tipsters.

That is the upshot of the wise decision of the Duchy of Cornwall, on whose London property the Oval stands, not to permit a greyhound racing track there.

The decision was made in the face of a very insidious offer. The Oval, which shares with Lord's the honour of being one of the general headquarters of cricket, pays, through the Surrey County Club, a comparatively small rent for the large space it occupies in a thickly-populated part of London.

#### The Temptation

The people who proposed to ring its historic turf with a track for greyhound racing offered such a substantial addition to this rent that the Oval could continue to maintain itself as a cricket ground without asking or taking a yearly subsidy from the Duchy for its privilege. This was not all.

It was urged by the promoters of the scheme that Kennington was a very poor neighbourhood, and that it had slums which ought to go.

The profits arising from a greyhound track would raise enough money for a slum clearance scheme.

The Duchy, having been tempted by this idea for a while, has closed its ears to the voice of the tempter. There will be no greyhound track; and, while we rejoice in this decision as a victory for morality and good sense, we marvel that anyone should have had the effrontery to put forward the proposal.

#### Worse Than Slums

Anyone who has the misfortune to live near a greyhound racing track will believe that those whose houses are near the Oval would be the first to protest against one in their midst. If given the choice they would probably prefer to keep the slums as neighbours.

A greyhound racing track affords no sport which people go to see as a spectacle. There may have been many who did so at first, and some who do so still out of curiosity or habit. But ninety per cent go to bet on the greyhounds, and of these a large number are boys and girls.

Greyhound racing is not a sport at all. There are not enough first-class greyhounds born and bred in these islands each year to ensure races of any significance. There never was a sport invented which was more of a betting ramp. It is mass betting pure and simple, sordid betting.

#### A Peril to Youth

Into this enclosure of gambling the youth of a district is drawn. It is naturally not the resort of boys and girls only—there are many older people; but, young or old, they come to put their shillings or half-crowns on the dogs and to enjoy some intervals of yelling excitement while the result is in suspense.

That is what a greyhound racing track means and brings. It is as pernicious an influence in the life of towns as the street bookmaker's tout.

The slum is a disgrace to us all, but to attempt to remove it with the help of greyhound betting, to improve a slum by ruining the character of its population, would be nothing less than to add a new disgrace to an old one.

## A SMALL REPUBLIC SHOWS THE WAY

A minister of the Belgian Government writes these notes on Disarmament.

I EXPECT nothing of the treaties. I expect nothing of the Governments. I expect everything of the people, of the people of each nation.

The problem is not one of removing armaments from men but of removing men from armaments. Thousands of machine guns are but so much scrap-iron from the moment when no one can be found to work them.

And if any Government wants to give proof of its sincerity let it imitate the young Republic of Catalonia, which has

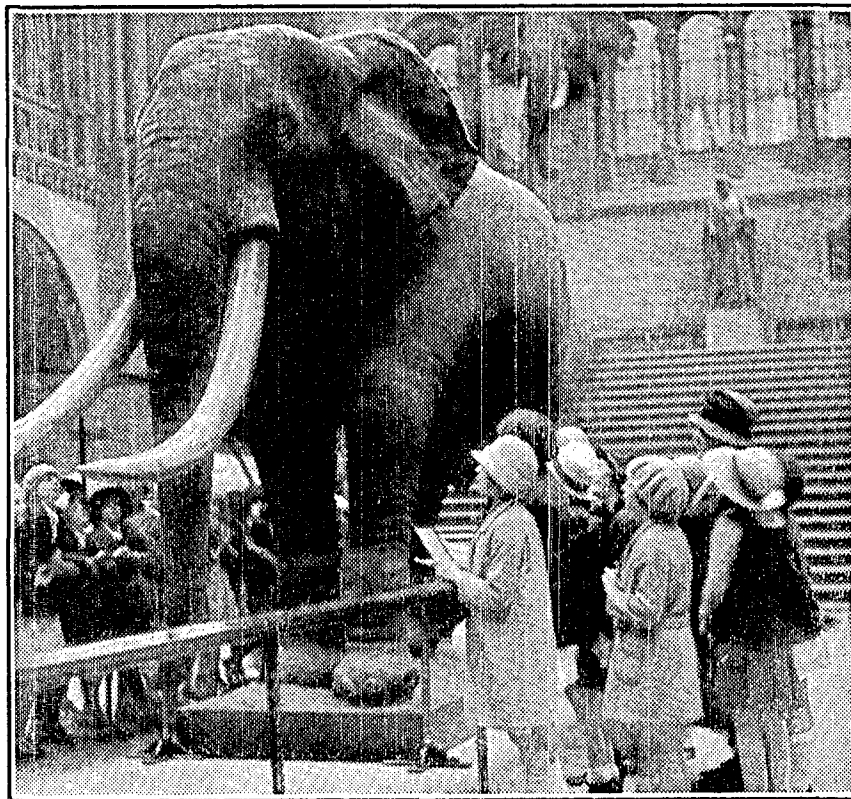
recently proclaimed in its Constitution that its citizens are only subject to military service within the territorial limits of the Republic itself.

Hats off to Catalonia! She has set a good example. If she is attacked all her children will rise up in her defence, but she will never attack another, for outside her own territory she has no soldiers. Suppose that France, Italy, and Germany were to enact similar legislation. War would be impossible; no one would be threatened with the possibility of it; peace would be normal and palavers on Disarmament needless.

## LESSONS OUT OF SCHOOL



At the Liverpool Zoo



At the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

## BUY A BRITISH HOLIDAY

THIS year our climate has given a send-off to the All-British campaign such as it has not had for years.

Never was there such an autumn. St Luke's Little Summer and St Martin's Little Summer combined to prolong a sort of non-stop summer into December. The people who complained in June that there had been no summer now began to say that it really seemed as if we were meant not to have any winter.

Our climate cannot be expected to stretch things as far as that, but it has gone far enough to assure all who are patriotic enough to stop at home this Christmas that they will not lose by it. Instead of that they will gain, for it

seems to us that, snow or frost, rain or mist, there is always enough sunshine to make Christmas worth keeping here. As for the climate—what did the Duke of Wellington say? For six months of the year the English climate was the best in the world, he said, and for the other six months he knew no better.

So a fig for the French Riviera, with its huge and frequent disappointments, its menacing winds, its prevailing influenza, and its monstrous expense; and a fig for Swiss hotels and untimely thaws. Let us all stay at home, visit our own Riviera in Cornwall and Devon, where the flowers are still in bloom, and find our winter sports in our native land.

## A GREAT LADY'S STORY

### WITH THACKERAY ON A STEAMER

The Fine Life-Work of a  
Daughter of the Rothschilds

#### LADY BATTERSEA

A small girl, dressed in the frills and furbelows of 70 years ago, stood on the deck of a steamer that was gliding down the Rhine.

Suddenly the little traveller was aware of a tall man beside her. He wore spectacles, but he did not look at all severe. He asked her what she thought of Germany, and then, swinging her on to his shoulder, began to tell her fairy stories. A firm friendship was formed.

Both of them were to do a great work in the world. The tall man was Thackeray, and the small girl was Constance Rothschild, who has just died in her beautiful home at Overstrand aged 88. She is best known as Lady Battersea. She was one of the pioneers in prison visiting, and devoted 30 years of her life to raising the fallen. But she was also a great Liberal hostess in Liberalism's great days, the friend of kings and queens and seven Prime Ministers.

#### A Wonderful Life

Hers was a wonderful life. She and her sister Annie grew up in a wealthy, brilliant, and loving family. They were very religious, and the girls learned Hebrew as well as modern languages. Because they thought the Jewish school translation of the five books of Moses was a bad one the sisters wrote a new text-book. A reviewer said the authors were two pious and well-meaning young men; no one thought Society girls could write scholarly books in 1869. The book is still in use.

Constance Rothschild married Cyril Flower, who later became Lord Battersea. Constance had always been a Liberal, and loved to help her husband; but there was nothing narrow about her, and Disraeli was included among her friends as well as Gladstone.

Lady Battersea did not let politics and parties fill her life. She was one of the workers for women's education who helped to start Bedford College, and with Lady Henry Somerset she was one of the gallant band who fought drunkenness. This generation does not know the horrible scenes which were once common in our streets, nor the cruelty and terror little children suffered from drunken parents. That such things are rare now is largely due to the work of women like Lady Henry Somerset, who would take a drunken woman away to the country, make friends with her, nurse her, awaken her self-respect, and send her back determined to do her duty to husband and children.

#### A Delightful Volume

If anything were needed to open a woman's eyes to the tragedy of drunkenness it was prison visiting. Lady Battersea was a regular visitor at Aylesbury gaol.

In her old age Lady Battersea lived at Overstrand in Norfolk. On Sunday afternoons her beautiful gardens were thrown open so that everyone might enjoy them. There she wrote a delightful volume of Reminiscences, published in 1922, and there she did all she could to help her neighbours.

Now she is gone, one of the last of the great Victorians.

Seldom has a Jewish lady better served her faith and her country.

#### AUSTRALIA'S ELECTION

The Australian Labour Government, after being 25 months in office with Mr. Scullin as Premier, was defeated by five votes, and a General Election is to take place in a week or two.



## LOOK BRITISH

### Wear the National Colours

#### WHY DOES A LADY WEAR A GREEN HAT?

We all have learned why a miller wears a white hat; but why do ladies wear a green one?

Or a purple hat, or a brown one? The answer is furnished by the British Colour Council, which declares that these colours are passed on to the world of women as a conjurer forces a card.

Hitherto some unknown dictator of fashion in France or America has dictated the colours which everyone should wear in the spring, or in the autumn, and by some subtle form of mass suggestion manages to pass the idea on till it sinks into every woman's mind.

What every woman knows, then, is that she must wear those colours or be out of the fashion.

#### Secret Wishes

But this point is specially to be marked, that the colours must in some way be attuned to the secret wishes of the wearers, as the policy of the winning party at an election must agree with the secret opinions of the voters. It is of no use to try to put red on the market if the wearers would really rather have blue.

For these reasons the British Colour Council believe that they, better than any foreign selectors, can choose the colours which British women all the world over really prefer and ought to prefer. They issued a colour card of greens, blues, browns, and wine colours last spring, and claim that these were the colours on which popular choice has fallen.

At the moment there is a wave of purple spreading over the land, and it is attributed by the Council to the fact that the wearers, though they may not know it, are thinking Nationally, as, it may be, Imperially. We have all heard of Imperial purple.

At some future date the same mass inclination may, in the words of Andrew Marvell, turn

all that's made

To a green thought in a green shade.

But the practical value of the British Colour Council's colour cards is that they are sent out to assist manufacturers in the choice of dyes for their materials in the coming season or seasons.

#### The Practical Point

Firms producing wool, cotton, silks, buttons, umbrella handles, straws, leather goods, and hosiery have been working from the selected range of colours sent out to them. The results have been satisfactory. The colours have blended with the wishes of those who will wear them.

*Every colour chosen is now known by the same name and number in any material. It is the British standard colour.*

It is hoped that the good idea will go on and prosper, and that

*In spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations*

our women will continue to hoist only the national colours. They will keep millions of pounds at home if they do.

## CANADA'S FISH HOSPITAL

Toronto houses a hospital for the treatment of pet and tropical fish. Mr James Palmer, of the Walker House Aquarium, is the surgeon, and fish go to him from all over America.

He says that the changing of water in tanks is the chief cause of illness; a sudden change to clean cold water gives a great shock. This causes fungus; and other common diseases are dropsy, eye-trouble, and parasites.

Fish often swallow particles of flint with their food, which causes acute pain and eventual death. Mr Palmer X-rays fish which he suspects of being in pain, and then operates on the patient, who is held in a damp towel.

## THE WAY OF THE SWISS

### Do They Want Old Age Pensions?

By the rules of government in Switzerland the people have the right to refuse to accept an Act passed by Parliament if they wish to do so. They are at this moment making their voices heard concerning one.

The Act to which they object is one to set up a system of compulsory old-age insurance for everybody, of whatever rank or means. A yearly contribution of 18 francs for men and 12 francs for women, from the age of 19 to 65, would bring in a benefit, from 66 onwards, of 200 francs a year for everybody, with additional benefit up to 400 francs for people of Swiss nationality, excluding those who are able to provide for their own needs. This total of 600 francs is normally about £24. The money paid by the Government would largely come from taxes on tobacco and alcohol.

But this Act for some reason does not please the Swiss people, and their Constitution gives them the right to submit it to the vote of the country if 30,000 citizens or eight cantons demand it. More than twice the necessary 30,000 have signed a petition, and consequently a Referendum is to be taken.

## FOUR LITTLE KITTENS

### Go Upstairs to Bed

Animals know a great deal too much about that soft spot in a human being's heart, and the majority of our cats and dogs exploit it shamelessly.

We heard the other day of a Persian cat called Omar, so devoted to her mistress that she refused to leave her even at night.

But when a struggling family of kittens arrived upon the scene the mother cat was made to understand that she must stay downstairs with them. She did; but only for two nights.

The third night Omar's mistress woke to find something warm against her neck, and, putting out a sleepy hand, discovered one of the precious kittens. Omar waited a few moments to see that all was well, decided that the reception had been favourable, and trotted off to fetch another baby.

And now, though the cat and her kittens are returned to their box in the kitchen each morning, the lady of the house accepts the fact that when bedtime comes there will be much bustle to and fro, and she knows that four little kittens will be carried upstairs for the night.

## JOURNEY'S END

### The Expanding Universe

There is not much to disturb the plain citizen in the predictions of the mathematicians about the future of the Universe, and not much to choose.

Sir James Jeans drew for us a picture of a Universe which had run itself to a standstill, all light and heat gone.

But as this could not happen for a million million years, it is as unnecessary as it is impossible to provide for this dismal end.

The end foreseen by Sir Arthur Eddington is brighter. The Universe, he thinks, is not running down to condense into one rather dense ball at the same low temperature everywhere. Far from that, it is expanding, blowing itself up like some stupendous bubble. He estimates that in 1,500 million years it will double its size.

Then it will still go on. In a million million years it may burst. Perhaps, on the other hand, it burst a million million years ago; but as we were not present at one event so we may be absent from the other.

Who can tell? There is one attraction about Sir Arthur Eddington's view. We seem, at any rate, to be getting on.

## THE HIGHER THE QUICKER

### New Speed Plane to Go Up Ten Miles

After the high-flying balloon comes the high-flying aeroplane.

Already a balloon is being constructed by the brothers Short for a trip 15 to 17 miles above the Earth.

Now M. Henri Farman, one of the pioneers of the aeroplane, is said to be engaged on what is called a stratospheric aeroplane which he hopes will be able to fly ten miles high. The new machine, which will have a hermetically-sealed pilot's cabin and a supercharged engine, is not for the same purpose as the balloons of Professor Piccard and the brothers Short.

M. Farman and others believe that air travel in future will be at great heights where the atmosphere, being rarer, offers less resistance. Thus higher speeds will be possible. It is to test this theory that the new plane is being designed.

## THE OLD CAMP

High up on the South Downs, nearly three miles north of the Palace Pier at Brighton, is an ancient camp which is known by the name of Hollingbury.

Its shape is something between a square and a circle, and it covers about nine acres. The grass-grown banks and ditches have long been deserted and antiquaries have often speculated as to the date of the camp. Not until this year did anyone dig into it to make sure.

Fragments of pottery were discovered which showed that Hollingbury was occupied about 300 B.C. by a Celtic people, who came over to England from the Continent. On the top of the banks they built a strong stockade of wood, and post-holes were found going down into solid chalk.

Two sections of the stockade have been reconstructed by inserting new posts in the old holes, and now we have a good picture of what Hollingbury must have looked like 2200 years ago.

## THE CHEERFULS

If anybody should have occasion to call at the Church Army Headquarters on any kind of business they will have the cheeriest welcome in the world.

The porter smiles at you as though you are an old friend; the liftman (with one arm) will make you feel cheerful for the rest of the day. The people in the offices upstairs look as though they have been waiting for you. This is what happened to a visitor the other day.

He was trying to describe a certain person, but did not know the name. The first name the man at the door gave did not sound quite right. And then this is what he said: "Oh, I expect you mean Mrs Cheerful."

If you go to the Church Army Headquarters and ask about an unemployed person to help you, or for any other purpose, even if you do not interview Mrs Cheerful you will be greeted by the whole of the rest of the Cheerful Family.

## A COW AS A COMPASS

In a club in Philadelphia, frequented by air-pilots, they were discussing the difficulty of finding the way when crossing the immense American prairies.

There are only a very few farms about which can serve as guide-posts for the aeroplanes, and when the compass gets out of order the pilots are at a loss.

The airmen agreed that one most useful indication was to be obtained from the herds of cattle. It seems that herds accustomed to the noise and presence of planes take no notice and do not raise their heads; but if a plane lost its way and flew astray over cattle unused to such a disturbance overhead the cattle became greatly excited, and the agitation of the herd showed the pilot that he was off the track.

## TWO MEN AND A SHEET OF GLASS

### A Discovery Good For Lancashire

Two men, weighing together some 300 pounds, stood on a sheet of plate-glass in a St Helens factory.

The ends of the glass were resting on wooden blocks raised a few inches from the ground. The glass, only a quarter of an inch thick, bent under the weight of the heavy men standing on its centre, but it did not break.

A steel ball, half a pound in weight, was dropped on to a piece of this glass, first from a height of 20 inches, at which such an object in falling will shatter quarter-inch plate-glass of the ordinary type. But this armour-plate glass remained unbroken. Higher and higher the steel ball was raised, and came down with a crash. But the glass remained unbroken until the ball was dropped from a height of ten feet. Then it did break at last.

The new material, only just perfected, will bring fresh trade and employment to St Helens, the big Lancashire town which is the centre of the British plate-glass industry. One of its recommendations is that when broken it forms small cubes which have no cutting edge, and can be safely picked up.

## SHAKESPEARE'S BEST FRIEND IS HARD UP

### A Penny in the Hat For Him

Shakespeare's best friend in London is hard up.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, directed by Miss Lilian Baylis, does more to put Shakespeare in his proper place on the boards than any other theatre in London or in England.

It also does more to put Shakespeare-lovers in their proper place, which is in the auditorium, than any other theatre, because it is as good as any and cheaper than all the rest.

In spite of this it is hard up.

We learn this from a telling little story which Miss Lilian Baylis confided to the Guild of Singers and Players. One night there was rather a small audience in the gallery for Shakespeare, and a poor gallery girl drew attention to it among the other faithful.

She called out "This is a very poor attendance here. Let's send the hat round just to show Miss Baylis how much we love her and her work." There was a pound's worth of pennies in the hat.

That is what we call a pound of help as well as a ton of sympathy, and we hope all those who know what Sadler's Wells is doing, and who love Shakespeare and Miss Baylis, will follow this example. Let all friends of Shakespeare go to see him at Sadler's Wells and keep his spirit alive among us.

They will be helping one of the finest causes in all London.

## FRANKING OR STAMPING?

### Australia's Idea

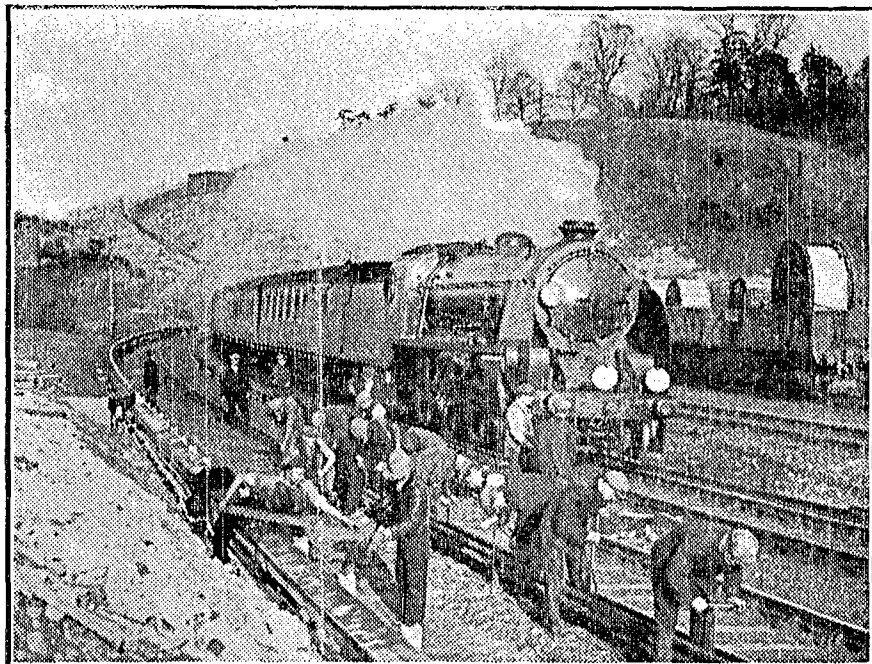
Australia is ahead of England in the telegraph system and has long ago ceased to waste time and money by sticking unnecessary stamps on telegrams.

A boy reader of Narooma, South Australia, whose father once worked in a Nottingham post office, writes to tell us that in the large post offices of Australia telegrams have been franked for some years by a cash register instead of stamps, thus saving the trouble of fixing and printing stamps.

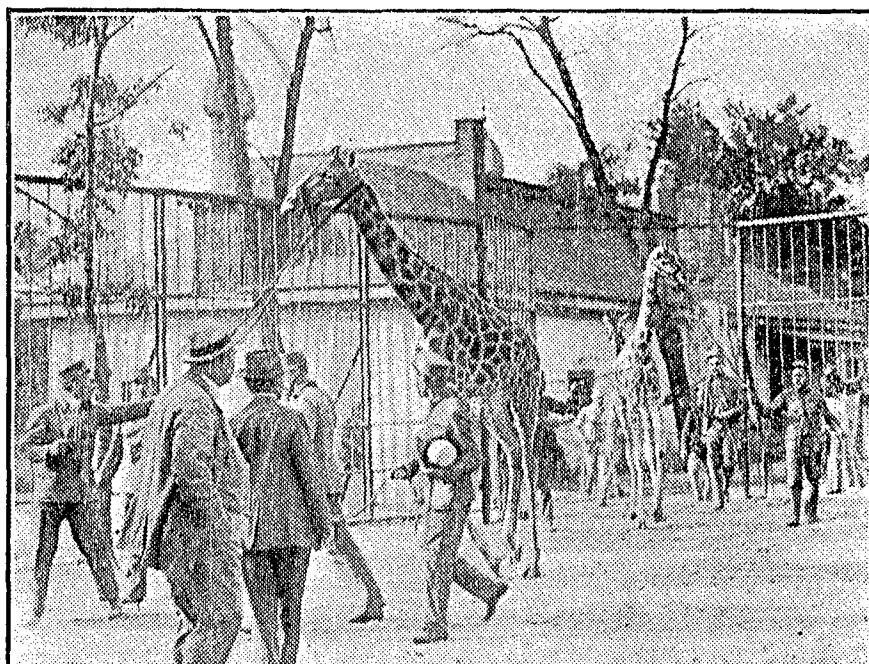
Australia has an Englishman, Mr H. P. Brown, as Director of Posts and Telegraphs, and he has given that country some of the best British ideas. We wish our P.M.G. could be persuaded to ask him to give us in exchange some of the best Australian ideas.



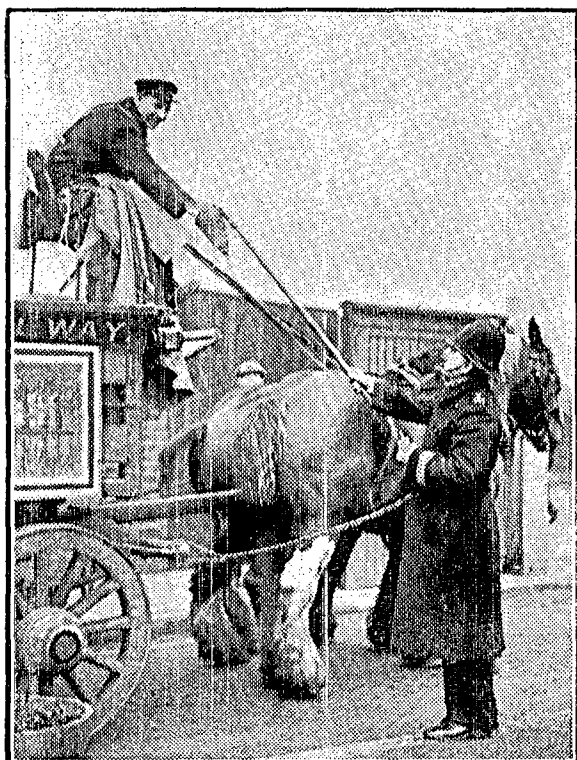
# GIRAFFES TAKE A WALK · ENGLISH IN KOREA · NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY



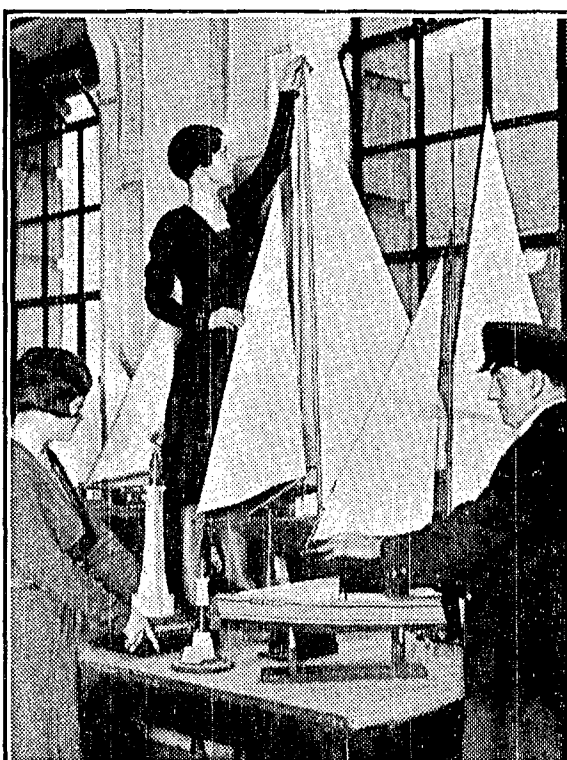
**A Railway Transformation**—The work of electrifying the Southern Railway to Brighton is progressing rapidly. Here we show the conductor rail being laid near Redhill Tunnel.



**Giraffes at Exercise**—To ensure that the giraffes in the Budapest Zoo have sufficient exercise they are taken for walks by the keepers. Here they are seen leaving the enclosure.



**In the Net**—This is the way in which the policeman at the gate of the goods yard at King's Cross Station collects dockets from carmen entering or leaving the yard.



**A Model Show**—Here are some of the splendid models of yachts, motor-boats, and lighthouses which were shown at the Port of London Authority's exhibition of arts and crafts.



**New Autogiros**—The new types of autogiro have only three rotor-blades instead of four, and the blades may be folded back as seen on the lower machine.



**Learning English**—These Korean boys and girls at a school in Seoul must now have lessons in English by order of the Japanese Ministry of Education.



**Little Sun-bathers**—At Hyères in the south of France is a great sun-bathing centre where 600 children from the great industrial city of Lyons can be treated.



## FUTURE OF EAST AFRICA

### Our Trusteeship For Five Million Natives

#### WHITE MEN AND THE NATIVE'S INTEREST

The suggested union of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika for administrative purposes will not take place.

A committee has been investigating the question and has issued its report.

The white settlers in Kenya have for many years been urging their claims for more self-government than our Crown Colony system grants. There are about 17,000 Europeans who were encouraged to settle on the healthy highlands of Kenya in the years after the war. The native population is about three millions.

Unsuccessful in their efforts in their own colony, the settlers proposed an administrative union with Uganda and Tanganyika, hoping that eventually a demand for self-government from so large an area as the three would make would be difficult to refuse.

#### The Tanganyika Mandate

But the white population of these two colonies is very small in proportion to the natives, some 8000 to 8,000,000, while native chiefs by treaties rule their subjects in Uganda and a special trusteeship over the five million natives of Tanganyika has been mandated to England by the League of Nations.

The committee examined many of these natives, who objected strongly to the establishment of any new authority which would come between the present representatives of the Crown and the British Government.

Though the report is unfavourable to union, declaring that the progress of East Africa can best be assured by the three territories continuing to develop on their own lines, it stresses the value of cooperation between them in economic services, such as transport and Customs. It advocates conferences between the Governors at definite intervals and a special department to maintain touch between them.

#### White Settlers to Help

The report proceeds to discuss the effect of the settlement of Europeans on the natives. It decides that on the whole the natives have benefited, but there is need for the settlers to help the Government officials in their work of safeguarding and promoting the interests of the natives.

Long views and impartial views are essential if the British Government's trusteeship for the native races is to be faithfully carried out; the Government must maintain its full responsibility.

Briefly the committee has come to the conclusion that the interests of the natives are not to be subordinated to those of a minority belonging to another race, however important in itself.

## DUSTING A CATHEDRAL

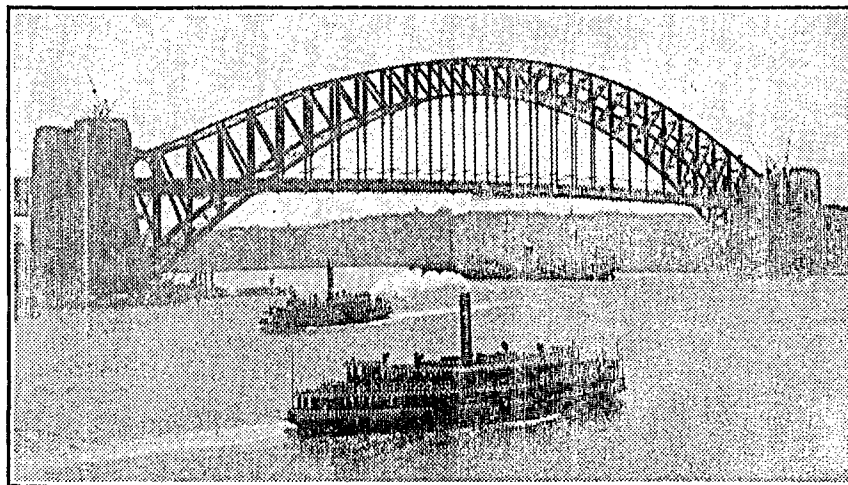
For the first time in the course of its long existence Rouen Cathedral has just been dusted by means of large-sized vacuum cleaners.

The cathedral must have needed doing, for the cleaners collected more than five tons of dust.

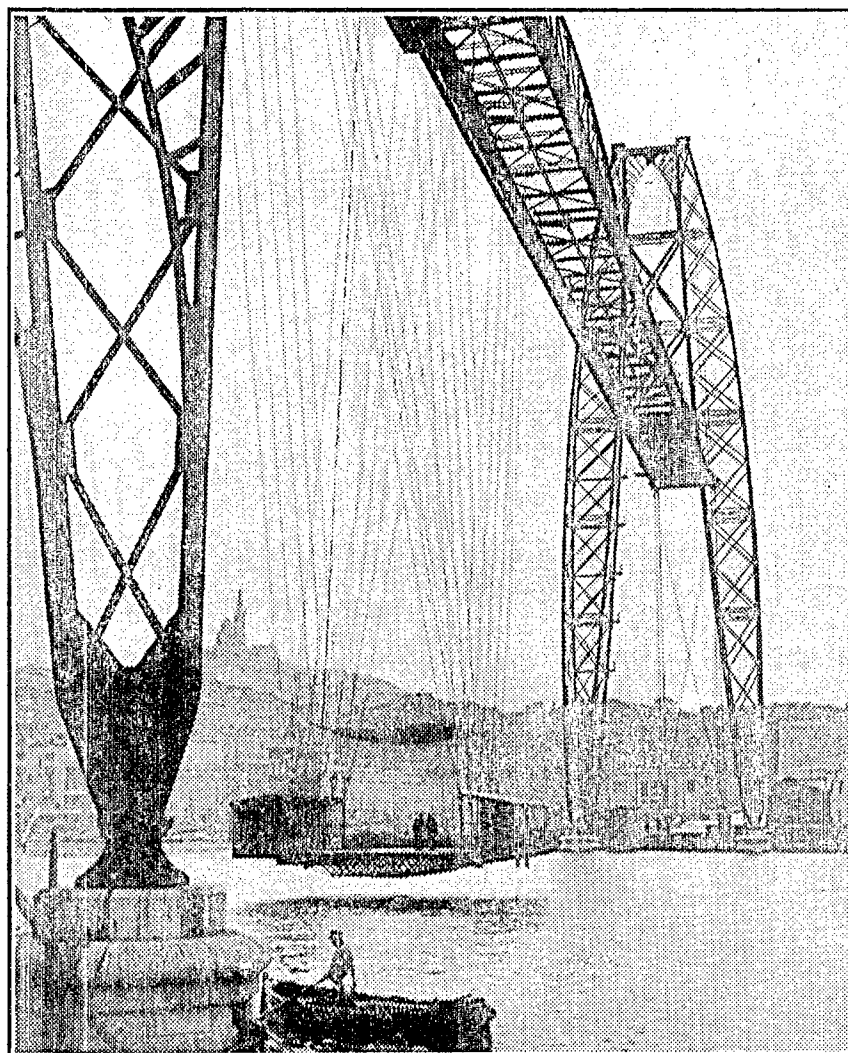
The last time Rouen Cathedral was cleaned was in 1789. The process at that time consisted in whitewashing the walls. The remains of this coating have been removed in the course of the recent operations, with the result that the aspect of the cathedral has completely changed back to what it used to be, with its beautiful pictures of saints and its wonderful sculptures.

This clean-up at Rouen has given such renewed youth to the building that other cathedrals in France are now to be treated in the same way.

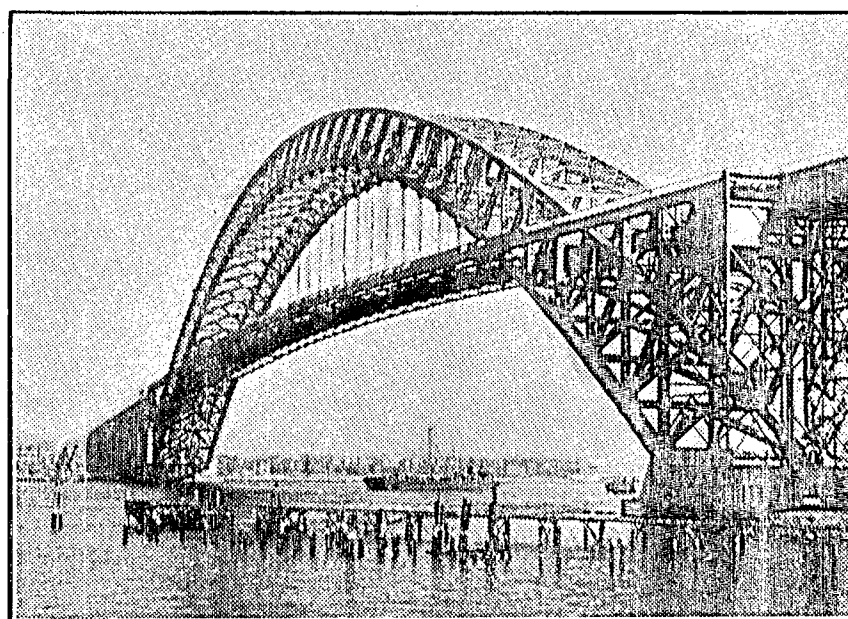
## THREE BRIDGES



Sydney Harbour Bridge, which is to be opened next year



The transporter bridge across the harbour at Marseilles



Bayonne Bridge, New York

Here are pictures of three interesting bridges. The new Bayonne Bridge across the Kill van Kull between New Jersey and Staten Island has a span of 1675 feet, the longest of any single-arch bridge in the world, beating the Sydney Harbour structure by a few feet.

## WAR AGAINST RATS

### More Science and Less Poison

#### THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY

Rats cost the world millions a year to keep. It would be worth a million to get rid of them. The crimes set down to them in the poem of the Pied Piper do not tell a tenth of the tale. They devour the garnered grain from Australia to Canada. They infest ships and warehouses. They convey and keep alive mortal diseases.

Would it not be thought that international crusades should be organised against them, as against the locust or the mosquito? Yet the best that anyone can think of is to poison them with barium carbonate or with Danzig virus.

A good deal is to be said, and has been said, of the virus, which spreads a rat disease among the rats. But it does not appear to be a universal remedy.

#### The Dangers of Poison

As for poison, the dangers are evident, and the Secretary of the Canine Defence League indignantly calls the attention of the C.N. to some of them.

Round about Colwyn Bay and Llandudno he declares there has been something like a massacre of dogs which have picked up the poisons laid for rats. He pleads, not without reason, that local authorities, instead of giving away rat poisons to any who apply for them, should commit them only to the usage of experts who know how to handle them.

But where are the experts in sufficient numbers to deal with millions of rats? The same question arises when another method than that of indiscriminate poisoning is considered.

This is what is called the Rodier method. It consists not in indiscriminate slaughtering of the rats, which generally proves useless, and conspicuously failed in the recent rat crusade in Denmark, but in selective destruction of the females of the species.

#### A Manchester Example

If males and females are both killed experience has shown that in a prolific species, such as that of the rat certainly is, the numbers do not decrease. Rather is it the other way.

The numbers of the seals have been brought up by leaving the females and killing off only superfluous males. The bird of paradise flourishes still in spite of pursuit for centuries, because the plumage of the male bird only is sought.

Coming to a more topical example, the numbers of rats were reduced by half at Belle Vue in Manchester by following Rodier's advice about killing female rats only. Mr George Jennison, who publicly advocates this way of dealing with the pest, adds that skilled Government trappers only should be employed.

The questions still remain unanswered as to where they are to be trained, where employed, and how paid.

## WHO WILL BUY AN ISLAND?

The tiny island of Brechou, the smallest of the Channel Islands, is for sale.

The purchaser will have the right of sitting in the Parliament of Sark, which is separated from Brechou by the Gouliot Channel.

Brechou is three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, and has three inhabitants.

Sark is a small feudal State; the Lady of Sark has full administrative power and presides over the local parliament. The present Lady of Sark is Mrs Dudley Beaumont, the widow of a British officer.



## SOMETHING CHEERFUL A POSTBAG BRINGS GOOD NEWS

### The Old Boy Who Prospered and Remembered His School THE WORLD OF THE BLIND

Let us talk about something cheerful. The papers are full of dismal things, yet cheerful things happen every day.

For instance, there was the letter which arrived at the head office of the National Institute of the Blind the other day. Out of it fell £100 from a blind man. A hundred years ago there would have been nothing for him except a beggar's tray and the street corner. But the N.I.B. sent him to its special massage school, and set him up in private practice; and now, instead of being an object of pity, he is a prosperous man able to send a gift to buy new apparatus for his old school.

#### Punch in Braille

Then out of this cheerful postbag comes a letter to thank the man who thought of issuing Punch in Braille, and praise for the man who does the picture descriptions, followed by another letter about the same journal saying, "I am happy, though blind, to see pictures."

The N.I.B. publishes a batch of magazines, including a very popular Braille Radio Times. Blind men look forward to the postman's knock.

Then there are letters from students. One says he has been able to secure his B.A. through the Braille books supplied; another asks if he can have Homer's Odyssey, Books 1, 2, and 3.

Of course he can. A blind student can borrow as many as 200 books from the library at one time and keep them for months.

#### Good Angels

If he asks for a book not yet transcribed into Braille a copy is made for him. This is only possible because there are good angels who volunteer to do the transcribing. Their names deserve to be written up in letters of gold. At the head of the band this year we must put Mrs Du Val, who transcribed 36 volumes; Mrs de Vere Brooke, who did 30; and Mrs Jackson, who did 26.

They were not all interesting books. Some of them were dry technical works required by students of law. But the transcribers did not care; they were giving a blind man what he wanted.

Among the most cheering letters in the day's post is one telling that an operation on a child born blind has been successful. The child was taken into one of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, and there trained observers found that something might be done to make things better. The child can now see large objects, and the joy that has thus been brought into one life seems alone to make all the work of the Home worth while. But the Blind Babies are happy too. Special games are invented for them, special love is bestowed, special training given.

#### Hostels For Blind Ramblers

When they grow up work will be found for them. Braille books and Braille music will be at their disposal. Dances and chess clubs and sports and rambling clubs will be theirs. On holiday they will be able to go to hostels specially run for the blind.

It is a wonderful work. We cannot all transcribe books into Braille or be able to send £100 cheques, but we might all keep by us the Price List of goods made and work done by the blind, so that when next we have to renew household goods, buy presents, or get the piano tuned, we may help the blind. The list can be had post free from 224, Great Portland Street, and it is surprisingly varied.

## A NEW PIANO Will It Revive the Trade?

The growth of wireless and the gramophone seems to have had a bad effect on the piano industry.

Now a German, Professor Nernst of Berlin University, has produced an entirely new form of piano which, it is hoped, will make a great change for the better in the trade. The piano is combined with a radio set and a gramophone, a very complete machine for making and reproducing music.

In many respects the new instrument is made on revolutionary lines. Instead of the three strings which are employed in the ordinary piano, to give strength of tone to each note, only one string a note is used. When struck by the hammer the sound thus produced is amplified as in an electric gramophone or wireless set. The old sound-board of the piano, which was such an essential feature of the construction, is dispensed with, as the sounds are reproduced electrically and can be softened or increased at will.

#### Charming Effects

Wireless valves and a loud speaker are used. As each note on the new instrument is struck the sound can be manipulated by the performer to produce some very charming effects. The pianist can not only give an ordinary pianoforte performance but produce organ-like effects or tones resembling those of the old harpsichord. The tone can be softened to a whisper or swollen into a great volume very effective in a concert hall.

The wireless valves and loud speaker thus used for producing the piano tone being also available for radio or gramophone purposes, it will be understood that it is quite possible to make the new instrument combine all three purposes. It becomes possible for a skilled performer to produce remarkable effects by reproducing a gramophone record or wireless transmission and accompanying it on the keyboard.

The ordinary "touch" of the pianist disappears, as in the case of the organ, as the softness or loudness of the note is determined, not by the fingers, but by the pedals controlling the sound-producing apparatus.

Those who have heard the instrument speak very highly of it.

## A WORLD OF CONCRETE? Hundreds of Articles Being Replaced

Are we going to have a Concrete Age?

Concrete, a mixture of cement and small gravel, sets to such a hard material that it is becoming used on a scale passing imagination.

The modern railway is one of the best examples. Platforms, fences, gate-posts, station seats, level-crossing gates, and even signal and lamp-posts are being made of concrete. It has taken the place of wood, and, owing to its wonderful durability, is being used to replace hundreds of articles which till now have been made of wood.

Concrete reinforced with steel is, of course, used for many of the world's biggest buildings, and during the war a number of ships were built of concrete. Huge sea structures, such as jetties and piers, are built of concrete too.

It is the small things, however, which are robbing the older kinds of raw material of their place in the world today. The drinking-troughs, the name boards of stations, and pipes of all sizes up to two feet in diameter, and even water-tanks for locomotives, are now being made of concrete.

One of the latest additions to the concrete world is a 20-ton brake van of the London and North Eastern Railway, which, although very heavy, seems to be wearing remarkably well.

The day may come when bricks and stonework disappear, and we shall live in a world built of concrete things.

## THE GENTLEMAN MAKING AN AXE A Masterpiece of the Stone Age

Nearly 5000 years ago a gentleman sat in the midst of an admiring family making an axe.

He had chipped a great flint into a shapely axe-head, with a curved cutting edge, tapering sides, and a bluntish butt. Such flaking was a fine art. No wonder the boys gathered round to watch this master craftsman.

One day their livelihood would depend on whether they, too, could chip weapons for themselves.

The axe-maker must have smiled upon his work when it was done. "That is a good one," he must have said to himself, "that will last."

It did. The other day it was presented to the Horsham Museum. It is strange to look upon it and to know that it was used by someone who lived in England when there were bears and hyenas in our isle.

The celt weighs a pound and a half and is six inches long. There are more deadly-looking weapons to be seen in the Tower of London, but Stone Age man found this very useful.

It was found three years ago, at Combe Wood, Colgate, on the St Leonard's Forest ridge, when a tennis court was being made.

Although we have changed a good deal in 5000 years the flint-flaker's masterpiece is admired as much as ever it was. Horsham Museum is very proud of it.

## RUSSIA'S FACTORIES Production Going Ahead

It is officially stated that the number of factory employees in Russia has now risen to, roundly, 2,600,000.

This figure at once marks a great increase and reminds us that factory work still accounts for only the smallest part of Russian labour. The population is, roundly, 161 millions, so that it is clear the greater part of the population still works on the land.

The Russian coal output is now about 50 million tons a year, as compared with our own 200 million tons.

The pig-iron output has reached about five million tons a year, as compared with under four million tons in this country. This is astonishing.

Russia is now beginning to manufacture motor-lorries. A great plant has been erected at Moscow which is likely to have an output of 25,000 lorries next year, rising to 75,000 in 1934. The same works are to produce motor-buses on a large scale.

Russia now announces that she is the largest producer of tractors in the whole of Europe.

During the first eight months of this year nearly 21,000 tractors were produced. The next largest producer is Ireland, where the Ford works produced 17,000 machines last year.

## A GOOD FASHION

People sometimes say hard things about fashion, yet fashion can do good at times. There is an invalid who has nothing to say against fashion.

As a young man he was wounded during the South African War, and he has been in bed ever since. He has tried to earn a bit of money by making toys. Last year he sent some toy ducks to the Exhibition of Work by Disabled Men, and the Duchess of York bought one.

It was a good duck, a jolly duck, but nobody seemed to realise how jolly it was till the duchess bought one for Princess Elizabeth.

At once that duck became the fashion, and when the duchess came to this year's exhibition she learned that the bedridden man now sells ducks as fast as he can make them.



## Your children's beverage

THE daily beverage for all children should be delicious "Ovaltine." They need the energy-creating nourishment it contains to make good the energy they are so prodigal in spending. They need the rich store of building material it supplies to ensure sturdy growth and to give them healthy bodies and sound nerves.

The cold and damp of the winter months will lower the children's vitality and reduce the natural powers of resistance to measles and other infectious illnesses. Nothing can equal "Ovaltine" for giving them strength and vigour and fortifying them against infection.

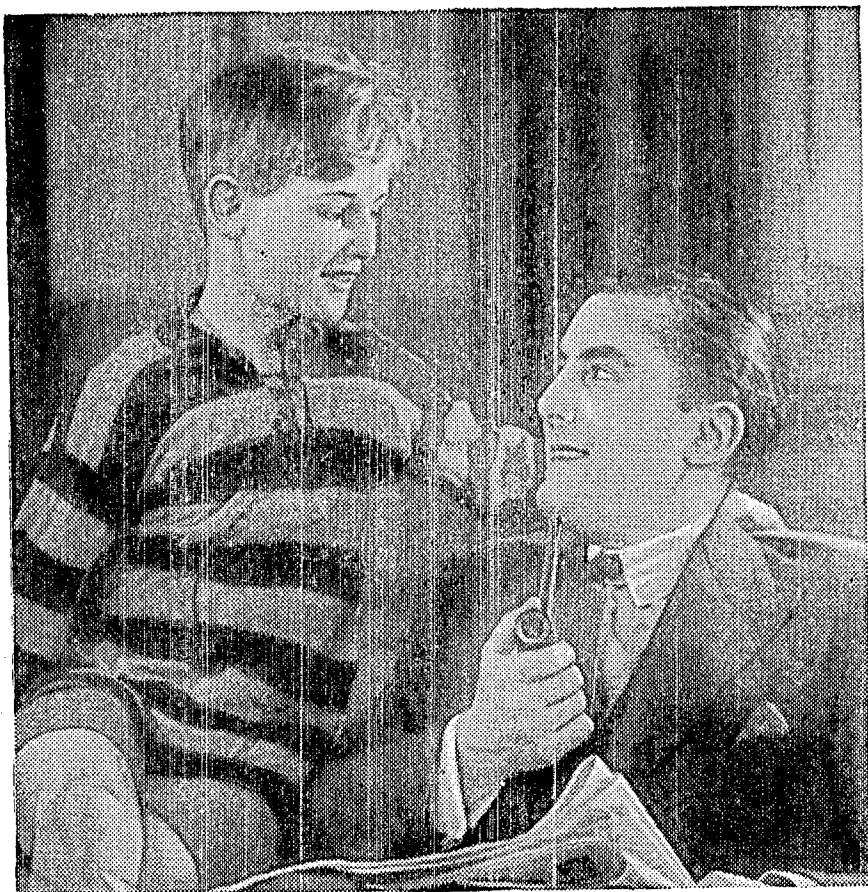
The ingredients from which "Ovaltine" is made—ripe barley malt, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs—are the best obtainable. "Ovaltine" contains no starch or added sugar to give it bulk and cheapen the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if required.

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

Reduced Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.





## "Look here, uncle . . . you're an old international . . ."

so I suppose what you don't know about training isn't worth knowing."

"Well," said the hero modestly, "what can I tell you?"

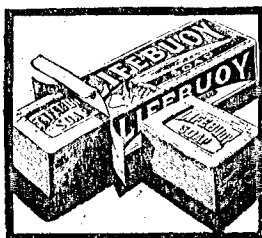
"The doctor told me a year ago," said Bill, "that Lifebuoy Soap, and plenty of it, was a jolly good tip for health and fitness. Hands pick up germs or something, and that's one of the most usual ways of catching 'flu or anything that's knocking about."

"It seems a jolly good soap anyhow; and it's got a sensible, clean sort of smell which is much better than a lot of those scented things."

"Well, I've been using it all the time ever since. And now I'm captain of the eleven I've jolly well told the team to use lashings of Lifebuoy and take no risks. What do you think?"

"Bill," said the international, "great minds think alike. I've used it for twenty years for those very reasons."

# LIFEBUOY



A LEVER PRODUCT

is more than a good soap—it's a good habit

L 534-197

Someone is going to have a good time!



A Plasticine Home Modelling Outfit makes an Ideal Present for Children.

**The New "Octagon" Box**  
at 1/6 and 2/6, Post Free.

**The "Brilliant"**  
—with 10 Colours at 2/6. 2/6 by post, or

**The "Complete Modeller"**  
at 4/6 (4/9 by post), are all excellent.

Illustrated Lists Free.

**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD.**  
18, Bathampton, Bath.

Why not let that  
**"SOMEONE  
be SOMEONE"**  
that you know?

## IN PRAISE OF AN OMELETTE

MONT ST MICHEL in Brittany is to have a new monument. It is to be in memory of an omelette.

Thousands of people go every year to see the famous Abbey of Mont St Michel, which rises like a miracle on its rock above the quicksands of the coast. It is so beautiful that its architects called one aspect of its soaring masonry the Marvel.

But for long years there was a minor marvel at Mont St Michel. It was the omelette made for her visitors by Madame Poularde in her kitchen at the base of the rock.

It is just a quarter of a century ago since we watched the making of that omelette and afterwards lunched on the satisfactory results, so that only a part of the readers of the C.N. can have shared our experience.

Madame Poularde was a trim little Frenchwoman, dark, quick, and bright-eyed. She and her handsome husband were an ornament to Mont St Michel, and a thrifty pair, had built up a first-rate hotel for visitors.

Visitors usually stayed only one night, to see and hear the tide come swelling

in and to watch Madame Poularde make the omelette.

She made it in a great kitchen bright with polished copper pans, but her frying-pan was a thing by itself. It held a dozen eggs, it had a very long handle, and one of the surprises of the ceremony was the way in which Madame's plump but supple wrist could wield it.

Wield it she did to such effect that none who tasted one of the Poularde omelettes would ever believe that anywhere else was their equal. The secret of them no one knows.

What we do know is that the ingredients were plain butter and fresh eggs, and we are inclined to think that the appetite gained had something to do with it. But contrary to some authorities we can affirm that the frying-pan was never washed.

The painter Etty, when asked with what he mixed his colours, replied "With brains, sir!" We think that Madame Poularde's omelettes were mixed with her own worthy personality. It is right that a memorial should be raised to this typical good Frenchwoman.

## GUY FAWKES AND HIS CELLAR

IN 1605 a man named Catesby helped Guy Fawkes to plan his Gunpowder Plot. Now in Catesby's shop in Tottenham Court Road is a model of the cellar Guy Fawkes hired, for, after having begun to dig himself in through a nine-foot wall, he discovered that the very cellar he wanted could be rented.

In this little showroom are paintings of scenes connected with the Plot: the proclamations for the capture of the conspirators and photographs of the private houses of the conspirators, most of them old English seats. For Guy Fawkes was not really a ragged scarecrow as he is so often represented at firework time, but well-to-do, as also were Catesby and his fellow-plotters. Guy Fawkes was, as a matter of fact, considered by his friends to be a fine

man, though, of course, he was known as an extreme fanatic.

It is said that when the king interviewed him he gave orders that he should be kept at a safe distance. Did he imagine that Guy Fawkes had squibs in his pocket ready to go off with a bang? No; for squibs were not invented till a later day.

Guy Fawkes was tortured, imprisoned in the Tower, and finally put to death; yet still, to decry his behaviour after all these years, we stupidly light the dark nights of the Fifth of November with whizzing rockets and fiery stars; and still the Catherine wheels go giddily round merely because Catesby's wife was named Catherine 326 years ago. It seems they have nothing to do with St Catherine.

How strange are human ways!

## THE PENILESS BOY

It is late, but we make no apology for quoting this remarkable tribute to a remarkable American who passed out of the world not long ago. If America could ill spare him the whole world will also miss this man, who came into it as a penniless boy.

This tribute is from the pen of one of his countrymen.

DWIGHT MORROW began life without a penny. He was a partner in the house of Morgan at the age of forty.

That was a remarkable achievement, but among Mr Morrow's achievements it was one of the least remarkable.

Mr Morrow gave up this assured position with its wealth and power for one of the most difficult, onerous, and thankless tasks in the public service: that of Ambassador to Mexico at a time when the two countries were on the verge of war.

There were, it was obvious, a hundred chances for him to fail against one for him to succeed. However, he accepted the duty cheerfully and uncomplainingly, and in a few weeks he succeeded in transforming a sullen and suspicious neighbour into a cordial friend.

It is probable that his work in Mexico caused his death at the age of only 58.

Had Mr Morrow lived it seems likely that he would have been President of the United States in 1936. It is also likely that he would have been one of our ablest and best-loved Presidents. His record of public service up to the time of his death was equalled by few. His patriotism was second to none.

He was as free as Lincoln from political trickery, deceit, and pretension. His country can ill spare him.

## THE NAPOLEON WHO DID NOT GROW UP

FRANCE and Austria may join hands over a grave.

It is the grave of a French hope which died with the young Prince who was the son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise of Austria.

When Napoleon's star sank, the prince, who was called King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt, and whose birth was expected to make the Napoleonic dynasty a fixed star, was bundled off to Vienna.

There he died at the age of 21, a desolate Peter Pan of a prince, who was never allowed to grow up, a fledgling eagle beating at the bars of the cage. In this unhappy boy, whom a French dramatist has pictured as L'Aiglon—the Eaglet—all the ironies of history found an example that is not easily to be forgotten.

He lived vainly confident that he would be recalled to the France of which his father had been the Dictator and the Arbiter. His first attempt to escape from his captivity left him a disillusioned and conscious failure.

On July 22, 1832, he died, some said of consumption and others of a broken heart; but it would be truer to speak of a broken pride. In Vienna, where he died, the Eaglet was buried.

France has asked that next year, on the centenary of his death, he may be brought home to Paris to be buried in Les Invalides near his father.

It is another irony of history that in a war a century later than those of Napoleon the Hapsburg dynasty of Austria should itself have fallen.



## A PARTING GLIMPSE OF SATURN

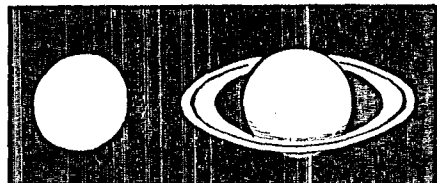
Why Venus is Brighter Than the Ringed Planet  
1000 MILLION MILES AWAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Toward the end of next week the glorious worlds of Saturn and Venus will appear in close proximity in the south-west sky, as Venus passes Saturn in her ascent higher into the heavens; that is, as seen from our world.

A very good opportunity will then be afforded for getting a parting glimpse of Saturn before he passes into the remote regions far beyond the Sun.

Venus will be readily seen soon after sunset, rather low in the sky and some way to the left of where the Sun dis-



Venus and Saturn as seen in a small telescope

appeared. As the twilight deepens Venus will become much more striking, and then Saturn may be seen between three and four times the Moon's apparent width above her, but, of course, not nearly so bright; in fact, only just perceptible against the twilight sky.

On Saturday evening, December 19, Saturn and Venus will apparently be at their nearest together; afterwards Venus will appear to move away to the left of Saturn, and soon we shall see no more of him in the evening sky until next summer.

The best time to observe them will be from between half-past four to a quarter-past five o'clock, after which they will be too near the horizon. Both set about a quarter to six.

Their proximity to one another is only apparent, however, for Venus is actually very much nearer to us than to Saturn, being about 138 million miles away, whereas Saturn is about 1000 million miles away, and getting still farther off.

They may be seen to advantage, both together in the field of view of field-glasses or opera-glasses, which will help greatly in perceiving Saturn; but, though so much the fainter of the two, Saturn actually appears the larger through a telescope.

Our drawing, which presents them as they appear now, shows to what an extent Saturn exceeds Venus in apparent size notwithstanding his great distance, which, if this is taken into account, makes the globe of Saturn alone about 700 times the size of Venus.

### Clouds of Saturn and Venus

The apparent size of Venus as compared with Saturn, when seen with the naked eye, is caused by her radiance, this extreme brilliance being chiefly due to her much greater proximity to the Sun; for, while she is only about 67,170,000 miles from him, Saturn averages 885,900,000 miles.

So, area for area, the surface of Venus is much brighter than that of Saturn, and though both are generally cloud covered the clouds of Saturn are yellowish and of a different chemical constitution from those of Venus, which resemble the clouds of the Earth, except that there are very many more of them.

The clouds of Saturn, therefore, reflect only about two-thirds the sunlight as compared with those of Venus. Also the sunlight is not nearly so bright at Saturn's great distance, the Sun appearing only one-twelfth the width he appears in the sky of Venus and one-ninth the width he appears in our sky.

In these circumstances it may seem wonderful that Saturn should appear as bright as he does.

G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

Every Little Helps

WORKING AT SCHOOL FOR THE C.L.N.

Number of Members—30,007

One more great landmark we reach this week. We have passed our Third Ten Thousand. We thank those eight new members who helped us to pass it; will they please bring all their enthusiasm to bear on their friends to join us too?

It is because of so many little pieces of unrecorded help all the year round that the C.L.N. is always growing bigger and stronger.

Letters are constantly arriving telling us of new ways by which the C.L.N. has been helped.

A Barnsley boy made a speech in front of the headmaster and all the boys and girls at his school, with the result that many new members have joined. Two Sheffield girls have stirred up such enthusiasm in their school that they have been able to send us a long list of new members.

A grown-up reader of the C.N. who reads the C.L.N. news column every week has sent a gift of money to help the peace movement, and a group of keen C.L.N. members have enclosed with their ordinary subscriptions the gift of a pound, hoping it may help the League of Nations Union, the grown-up side of the League of Nations movement in our country, in its financial difficulties.

And so the good work goes on. We hope that many more boys and girls will join the C.L.N. so that the opinion of the children of the world may count for something in keeping the nations at peace.

### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

## WHO WAS WILLIAM PENN?

Born London, 1644. Died Ruscombe, Berks, 1718.

His father, the redoubtable Sir William Penn, admiral, sent him to Oxford, where he came under the ban of the authorities for his Nonconformity.

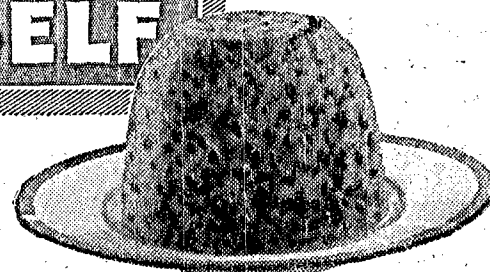
Penn travelled, and took military service, but was recalled to his earlier ideas by a chance meeting with a Quaker, under whose influence he developed into a bold speaker and writer, carrying the war for freedom of conscience from England into Germany. Twice his free expressions of opinion brought him to gaol; but his trial in 1670 established for all time the immunity of juries. In 1681 he obtained from the Crown a grant of territory in America called, after the admiral, Pennsylvania.

Here he settled a numerous body of his co-religionists with a famous charter. He planned the city of Philadelphia, and became governor as well as proprietor of the colony. After the accession of William the Third, Penn was wrongfully accused of treasonable adherence to the deposed James the Second. His troubles were not ended, in the New World or the Old. The Colonial Constitution had proved unworkable, and there was much discontent. The colony did eventually prosper, but Penn, returning to England, suffered financial embarrassment, and was actually an inmate for nine months of the debtor's prison—the Fleet.

To the end his life was harassed by financial and political troubles.

Penn is one of the men whose characters and actions Macaulay has wrongly appraised. The influence he had at Court was invariably exerted for the succour of his persecuted brethren.

## MAKE THIS YOURSELF



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**ZADA**—the famous thought reader, gives a demonstration of her amazing and almost uncanny powers. Zada can read your thoughts, describe with accuracy any article you produce, and answer intelligent questions. Admission, including tax, 6d. Ground Floor.

**THE ENCHANTED CASTLE AND LUCKY DIP**—Imprisoned in a castle is a Fairy Princess, guarded by a brute of a Giant. You must seize the big gun, fire at the Giant, and kill him. Our little Fairy Princess will then come down from the castle and present a lucky parcel to you. 2nd Floor.

**THE ROBOT**—the Mechanical Man, which has set the whole country talking. Thousands will want to see this amazing piece of mechanism, this almost human figure that moves, sings, and talks. 1st Floor. Admission (including tax): Adults 7d., Children 4d.

**GAMAGES ZOO**—Here you can see old favourites—guinea-pigs, monkeys, birds of every shade, size and nationality, dogs, cats, rabbits, etc. Any animal can be purchased.



## THE ADMIRABLE BARTLETT

### A Commodore Sets Up a Record

There was never a more popular or better known marine superintendent than Commodore Charles A. Bartlett of the White Star Line, who is now about to retire.

His 20 years of service in this capacity make a record for any marine superintendent on this line. And during this time Commodore Bartlett has done more to further the interest of officers and men of the Mercantile Marine than probably any man since Samuel Plimsoll. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he was always a friend to the men under his charge, and there is many an officer now sailing the seas who can tell a tale of the commodore's warm-hearted but unobtrusive kindness.

Commodore Bartlett is one of that ever-dwindling band of sailors who served their time on sailing-ships, and for six years he was in the clipper ships of a Dundee firm. In 1894 he joined the White Star Line, in which he was to reach the highest pinnacle of success to which any sailor can aspire.

During the war he was in command of the hospital ship *Britannic*, the best-equipped hospital ship then in service, which was torpedoed and sunk in 1916 in the Aegean Sea. He narrowly escaped being drowned and was picked up out of the water after his splendid command had taken her last dive.

His only son had not the same good fortune. He was a midshipman serving in *H.M.S. Goliath* and was drowned when that vessel was sunk in the *Dardanelles* in 1915.

## TALK ENGLISH

### Ramblers or Hikers?

There is nothing to complain of about the Rambler.

By the Rambler we mean what Dr Johnson meant when he employed the word for one who would, for example, ramble down Fleet Street. We suspect that Dr Johnson rambled in his journey to the Hebrides.

But what would the great dictionary-maker have said about the hiker? He would have cast scorn on this word of slang imported from America.

What does it mean, Sir?—the Doctor would ask—or has it either sense or meaning?

It does not convey the idea of pedestrianism or of walking, either freely or aimlessly, or of sauntering at ease, or roaming at will. In short, Sir, it conveys nothing except that vulgarity to which common speech is too prone, and which it was the purpose of my Dictionary to obviate.

The sentiments which we have ascribed to Dr Samuel Johnson are those which have been expressed by Edinburgh. The Edinburgh Youths Hostel Association has unanimously agreed that they will not hike. They will ramble, and as ramblers who will taste the joys of seeing Britain first and seeing it on foot they intend to be known.

Our sympathy is entirely with them. In these days when we are enjoined to Buy British we should supplement this sound plan by Talking English.

#### B.P.'S WHISTLE

Whistling with me forms a substitute for smoking, for, like a pipe to a smoker, it gives satisfaction to me and annoyance to everyone else.

Lord Baden-Powell

## NEW WORLDS

### Planet P and Pluto

Pluto, the new planet beyond Neptune, has hardly been named before being threatened with displacement.

Professor W. H. Pickering, who is head of the *Mandeville Observatory* in Jamaica, predicts that a tenth planet will be found to be added to the Sun's family of nine, of which Pluto, when discovered, was believed to be the last and most distant.

He names it Planet P (perhaps for Pickering), and he is so considerable an astronomer that everything he says commands respect, even when he attempts to forecast the size and distance of a planetary body which nobody has seen and about the existence of which many other astronomers are inclined to be sceptical.

They were, however, sceptical when Pluto was predicted by Mr Percival Lowell. Yet it was found.

There are two mathematical ways of showing the existence of a planet beyond Neptune. One is by tracing to it the movements of long-period comets, which are presumed to circle about it, as some well-recognised comets circle about Jupiter. The other is to assign to its presence and its gravitational pull irregular movements of planets inside its orbit.

Neptune was found by deduction from irregular movements of Uranus. Pluto was discovered by deductions of the same kind. From other irregular movements of Uranus, not otherwise accounted for, Professor Pickering deduces the existence of yet another planet besides Pluto.

He assigns to it a path round the Sun of 656 of our years, at a distance between 5000 million and 9000 million miles. It is a heavy planet, and its diameter may be half that of the Earth.

## THE LONELY MAN

### Far Away in the Mountains

Far away in the mountains of Switzerland near the St Gothard Pass stands a Lonely Man. Above him tower the mountains wearing their white caps of snow—not nightcaps only, they are worn by day as well as by night.

The Lonely Man is dressed in a badly-fitting suit, and he wears no hat; and whatever the weather may be he keeps his lonely vigil beneath the open sky.

He has no companions to keep him company except the goats and the birds and perhaps a passing goatherd shepherding his flock along the steep mountain slopes, who stops to smile at the Lonely Man.

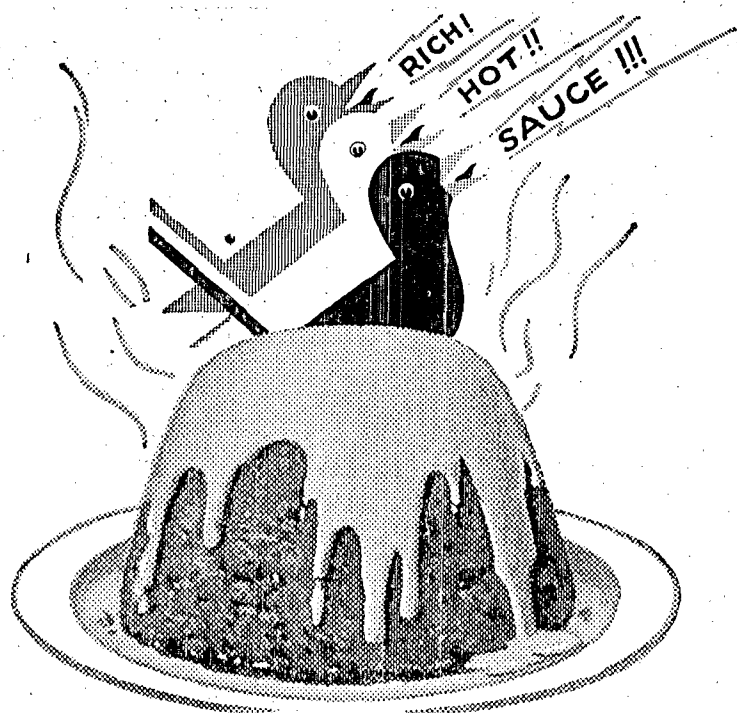
When night comes, and the shadows deepen in the valley and the light grows dim on the topmost peaks, no door opens to welcome the Lonely Man; no peat or log fire comforts his stiff limbs with its cheery warmth; no meal is spread for him that he may eat.

But he doesn't care, for he is doing the work for which he was created, and doing it well.

So there he stands, with arms held out on either side of him. Almost within reach are rows of vines, with bunches of grapes growing more and more purple in the sun.

Is that how the Lonely Man gets his food, do you think? Does he shelter himself o' nights beneath their friendly covering? No; he needs none of these things, for the Lonely Man is a scarecrow, which a traveller saw from the train as he journeyed home.

Mrs Susanna Holland, aged 55, has died near Epping in the house where she was born and which she had never left for more than one day.



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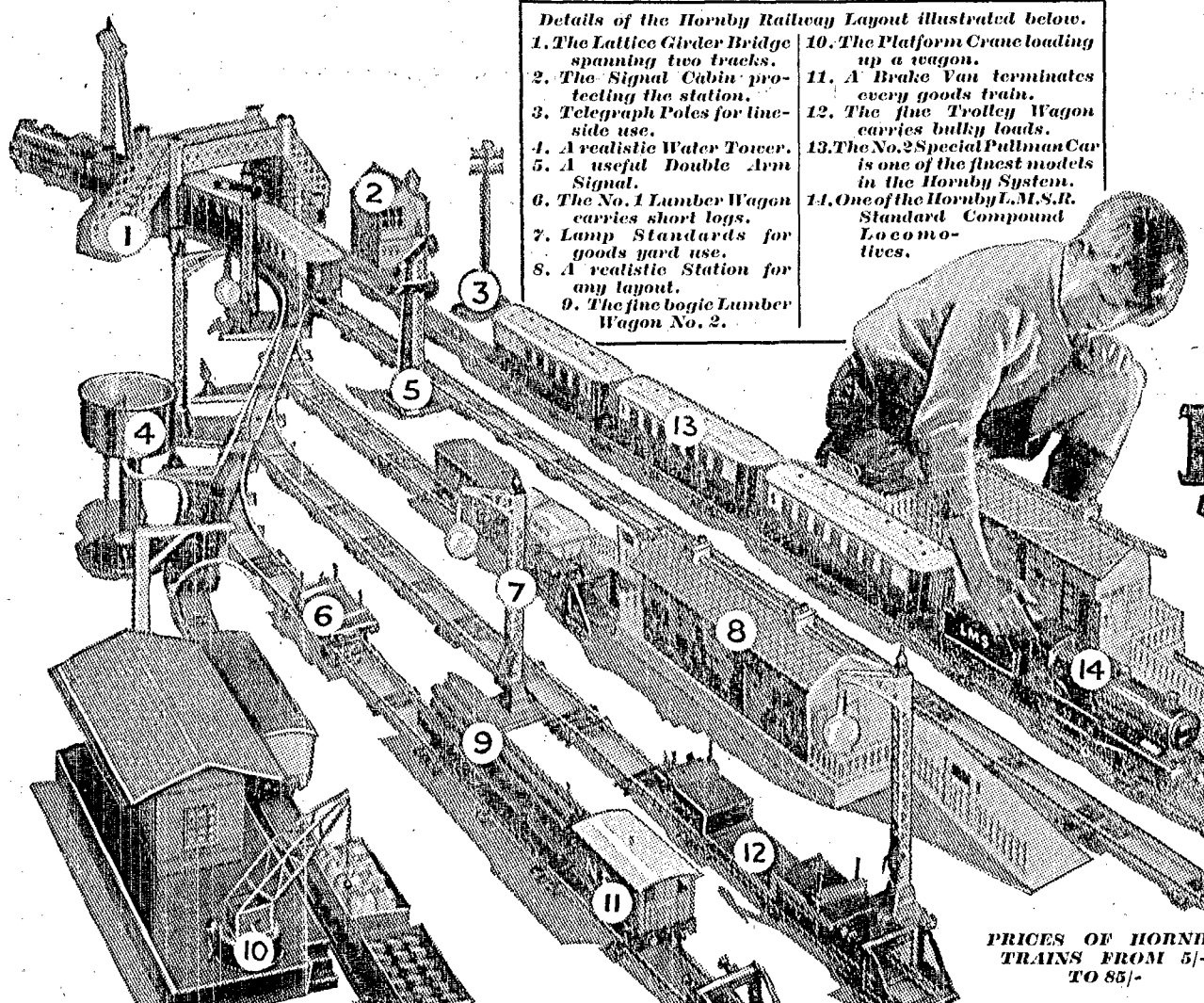
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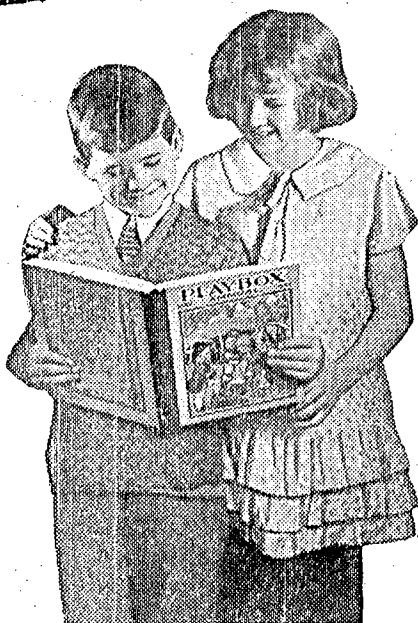
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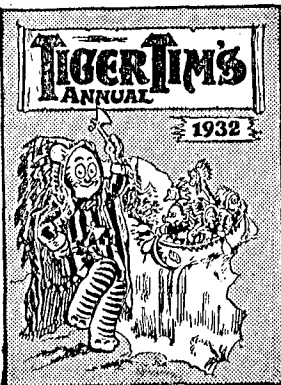
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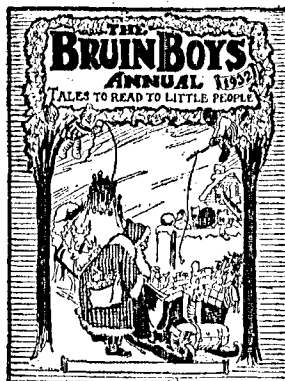
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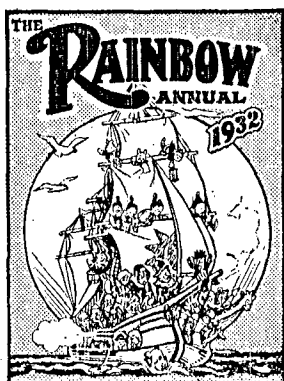
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### CHAPTER 19

#### The Way Out

Tod treated the suggestion with scorn. "Do you think I want to freeze into a lump of ice, for that's what I'll surely do if I stop here. See here, Kespi, I'll carry on slowly and after a bit I'll be better."

Kespi shook his head. "You no be better, you be worse." He pointed to the great white ridge to the East. "Him Pico Blanco—him six thousand metres high. I no think you can walk over that."

"I'll have a jolly good try," said Tod grimly, and just then he was seized with another fit of shivering and sickness which left him hardly able to stand.

Manacan looked after him and Kespi drew Derek aside.

"Tod, he die if he go up more high," he said gravely. "And that hill very high."

A dismayed look came on Derek's face. "But this is a horrible job. Do you mean we must go back again?"

"I think we no can help it," Kespi answered.

"But see here, Kespi," urged Derek. "We have to cross the Alto to get home; that is, unless we go back the way we came. And you've told us we can't do that."

"It true we must cross Alto," said the Indian, "but it not so high that way," pointing to the South.

"You mean there's a lower pass. Do you know of one?"

"I not know it, but my people tell me of him. I think we find him."

"All right, Kespi. Let's try it," Derek frowned. "Every time we think things are going right they seem to go wrong."

"We safe this far," said Kespi simply. "I think the great Spirit help us."

Derek's frown disappeared.

"You're right. We've had a lot of luck or help, and I'm an ungrateful pig. Come on. Let's back-track."

Kespi's rare smile made his wrinkled face very pleasant to look at.

"We go," he said briefly.

Tod was furious. He vowed it was madness to turn back. He suggested he might ride over the highest point on one of the donkeys, but Kespi gravely explained that this was impossible. He told him that the mountain sickness attacked some people, not others. It was no respecter of persons, for sometimes the strongest men would die of it while, on the other hand, a delicate woman might not have a touch of it. At last he convinced Tod that he was right and they turned back.

For a time Tod was dreadfully sick and giddy and had to be helped, but once they were down a couple of thousand feet he rapidly recovered. However, he was still shaky enough to be thankful when they reached a sheltered hollow where Kespi decided to camp.

A good sleep put him right and Kespi let him rest until nearly midday, then they had a late breakfast and made a fresh start.

Kespi led them due South. To the left were the peaks of the divide, bleak, snow-clad, and forbidding, but Derek could see for himself that further South they were less lofty. Kespi explained to them that as from now on they would be crossing country which neither he nor Manacan knew they would have to march by daylight, but he did not think there was much danger for Dolaro would be at least a day behind.

All the rest of that day they travelled South along the bleak uplands, yet so long as they were not above fourteen thousand feet Tod was well enough. The country was utterly bare and desolate except here and there where they found hollows in which grass grew and wild birds were plentiful. The weather remained fine, but it was bitterly cold. The boys noticed that whenever they reached high ground Kespi would stop and look back.

"Do you reckon Dolaro's chasing us?" Tod asked at last.

"I told you he never give up," Kespi answered.

"But surely he's off our trail. He'll have gone up over Pico Blanco."

Kespi shook his head.

"He see where we turn. His men pretty good trackers, I think."

They camped by a half-frozen little lake in a hollow and spent a quiet night. Early next morning they were off once more, still travelling parallel to the rugged peaks lying like a wall to the East. Though these were not so lofty as the Pico Blanco there was no sign of a pass across them, and Kespi reckoned they had all of twenty miles to go before they reached the pass.

After marching about five miles they came to the foot of a small, cone-shaped hill

rising steeply from the plateau and Kespi stopped to climb it. When he came down the boys saw by his face that he had seen something.

"It good I climb hill," he told them. "Dolaro, he come."

"What! Already?" Tod exclaimed.

"He hurry. He try trick us like we trick him," said Kespi, and explained that Dolaro and his men were cutting across to the West, no doubt intending to reach the pass ahead of them and there lie in ambush.

"So that's his game!" said Derek. "Did he see you?"

"He no see me," the Indian assured Derek. "He go very quick."

"Can we beat him to it?" Tod asked. "I'm game to travel all night if you reckon we can get there ahead of him?"

Kespi shook his head, and explained it was no use to try anything of that kind, for, even if they did get there first they would be in no shape to make a quick trip up a pass which was sure to be steep and where it was possible Tod might get another attack of mountain sickness.

"Then we're up against it once more," said Tod, half angrily. "Do you reckon there's any way out, Kespi?"

Kespi looked grave.

"There one way, but I think it very hard way," he pointed to the mountain wall to the East.

Tod whistled softly.

"Climb that. Say, Kespi, things must be kind of tough if that's your notion."

"We in very bad place," Kespi answered. "If stay here, starve. Only four days' food left. If go on Dolaro catch us."

Tod looked a bit solemn, then he grinned.

"You surely don't waste words, Chief. Well, I'm game. What about you, Derek?"

"No choice, old man," said Derek. "It don't look nice, but perhaps it won't be so bad when we get there."

Kespi pointed to a dark line which wound crookedly down the slopes. It was the bed of a little stream which came from the heights, and he suggested that, by following it up to its source, they might find a way to the top of the ridge.

Derek and Tod agreed that this was as good a chance as any, so they turned sharp to the left and started on what was to prove the worst stage of all their difficult journey.

### CHAPTER 20

#### The Last Straw

THE stream came down through a barren rocky gorge. At first they tried to travel up the bottom of this gorge, but the bed was filled with loose boulders which made travelling so bad that they were forced to climb out and keep to the higher ground. This was seamed with deep ravines which were often difficult to cross and progress was so slow that it was two o'clock before they reached the source of the brook.

Imagine their dismay to find that it was an immense bowl or rock surrounded on three sides by cliffs at least two hundred feet high. Tod's face lengthened as he stared at the sheer rocks. He turned to Derek. "Do we sprout wings or build an aeroplane?"

Derek shrugged. "Even if we could climb those cliffs the donkeys couldn't. We'll just have to go back."

"We no can go back," said Kespi briefly.

"Why not?" demanded Tod.

By way of answer Kespi pointed back down the gorge. Far in the distance, yet perfectly visible in this clear mountain air, a line of black dots crawled slowly up the vast slope.

"Dolaro!" gasped Tod.

Dolaro it was, and all his men with him. Probably he had had a spy out watching the fugitives. Anyhow, there he was, and this time it seemed all odds that he was the winner. Kespi and the boys were in a trap from which there did not seem to be any escape. For a few moments Tod watched the bandits, then he turned to Derek.

"Mighty nigh three miles away," he remarked calmly. "Take 'em all of an hour and a half. I guess we can do it."

"We'll do it all right," Derek answered.

"But what about the donkeys?"

"We leave them," said Kespi briefly. "They find way home."

The next few minutes were busy ones, for they had to unload the donkeys and choose what they could carry in small packs on their backs. They had also to take their gun, rope, and the emeralds.

Before starting Manacan whispered in Sucki's ear, and that sagacious animal started away downhill, the others following.

"So long, old lad," said Tod. "I'm going to miss you a whole lot."

Continued on page 18





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the day after*

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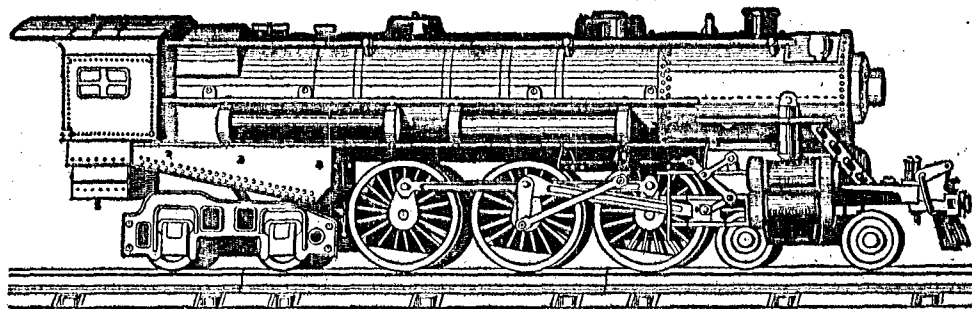
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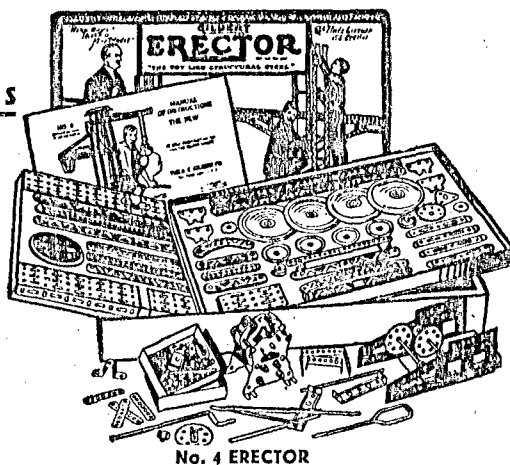


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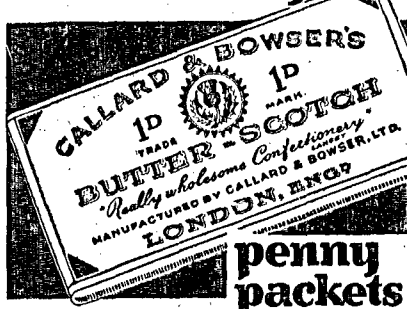


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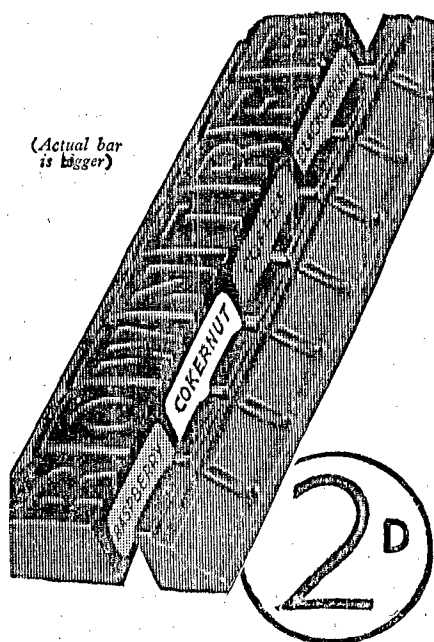
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4 FLAVOURS!



**ROWNTREE'S**  
4-CENTRE TABLET

FC 208-18

Continued from page 16

The hollow where they stood was shaped like a china bowl. The floor sloping gradually up toward the sides at a steeper and steeper pitch was almost as smooth as china, polished by the action of ice in past ages. But here and there were crevices, and they chose one of these to work up.

Before beginning to climb the four roped themselves together with Derek in the lead. Derek had done more climbing than any of them, and, picking his way carefully up the fissure, he led them slanting across the face of the cliff until they were about two-thirds of the way up. There the fissure petered out.

Derek stopped and examined the face of the rock. He spotted another fissure some twenty feet to the left and saw there was a narrow ledge by which he might reach it.

"You chaps stay where you are," he ordered, and calmly untied himself.

The others watched him breathlessly as, with a length of rope coiled over his shoulder, he worked his way across.

Derek worked up until he was almost directly above the others, then dropped his rope and Tod scrambled up it. Together the two managed to pull the others up. The next bit was not so bad and at last they gained a little ledge. Looking up, they could see the rim of the cliff tantalisingly near, yet separated from them by about twelve feet of cliff which was not merely perpendicular but actually overhung. The only way up was by a chimney, that is, a narrow crack which ran perfectly straight up and down.

For the first time since beginning their climb Kespi faltered.

"We go back. Perhaps we find better way," he suggested.

Tod looked down.

"Too late for that, Chief. Dolaro's too close. He'll be near enough to start shooting in another five minutes. Derek, you've done all the work, I guess I'm fresher than you. Let me have a shy at it."

He took off his pack, and bracing his arms and legs against the sides of the fissure began to worm his way upward. No one less strong than Tod could have done it at all, and even so the risk was so terrible that Derek turned his face away.

There came a crash. A stone the size of a pumpkin, dislodged by Tod, struck the ledge, bounced far out into the air and

smashed upon the smooth rock beneath with a force that shattered it to fragments. Derek shivered, but Tod was safe, and a minute later had scrambled over the rim.

He dropped his rope and with its help the other three were soon in safety. It was time, too, for Manacan, who came last, had hardly been hauled over the edge before a rifle cracked below and a bullet sang viciously but harmlessly past them. Tod pushed a loose rock over the cliff and laughed to see Dolaro's men scatter and run as it burst like a shell in the bowl below.

"Why don't you come on up?" he shouted to them, but it was quite clear that the bandits had no mind for work of that sort. Obeying Dolaro's harsh orders, they turned and went back.

A bitter wind blew across this lofty ridge, and as soon as they had got back their breath Derek and Tod rose and began to look about them. They found themselves on the level top of a broad wall of rock, a sort of palisade no more than fifty paces wide. They were dismayed to find that the drop on the far side was actually higher and more sheer than the one they had already climbed. There was no getting down it, and so they reported to Kespi. After talking it over with the old man they decided to follow the crest south and trust to finding a place where they could get down.

They started, and it was a comfort to have level ground beneath them. But the wind grew stronger and tore at them so that it was hard to keep their feet. To make matters worse, it began to rain. Fine half-frozen stuff, bitterly cold and so thick that they could not see more than fifty yards ahead. They went about a mile, then Tod spoke:

"This ledge is getting mighty narrow."

He was right, and the farther they went the narrower it became until it was only the width of a footpath. On either side dropped great gulfs of emptiness hidden by clouds of sleet, while the cross wind tore at them with a fury that threatened to wrench them from their foothold and hurl them out into the depths.

There was worse to come. From a yard the causeway narrowed to two feet, and finally turned to a mere knife-like ridge across which it was impossible to walk. The only way to cross it was to sit with a leg on either side and hunch slowly onward.

TO BE CONTINUED

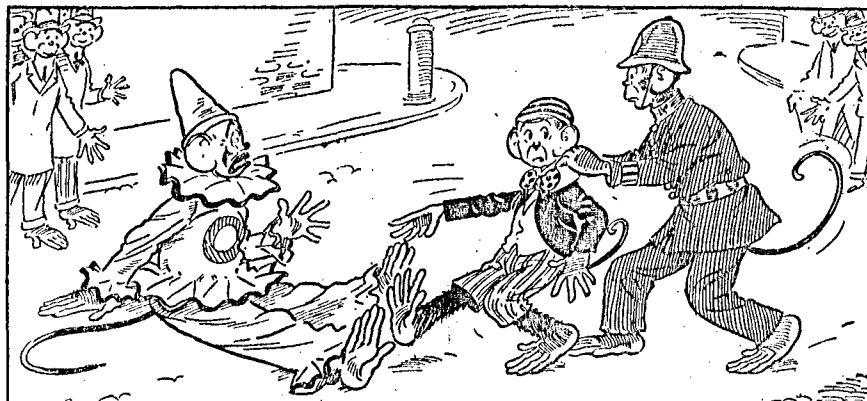
## JACKO JOINS THE PROCESSION

ONE morning Jacko was strolling along the road, carrying his mother's market basket, when Adolphus told him exciting news.

"There's a circus procession just starting down the town," he said. "It's a tip-top show. You'd better

"All right, youngster," he said. "You can peep through here."

Jacko was delighted, and all went well till a sudden push from behind sent him flying into the road. He shot straight into a clown and caught his feet in his baggy trousers.



The policeman grasped him firmly by the collar

hurry if you want to see it," he added. Jacko raced off at full speed.

A large crowd had already gathered, but Jacko quickly elbowed his way to the pavement edge.

"Coo!" he exclaimed. "I shall have a grand view here!"

And so he might if a tall policeman had not come and planted himself just in front.

Poor Jacko was tightly wedged and couldn't move an inch; all he could see was a broad blue back. Very soon he felt so desperate that he daringly gave the Bobby a dig in the ribs.

"I say," he asked, with a saucy grin, "is this the only view I'm to get?"

The policeman laughed and obligingly crooked his arm.

Over they rolled together, and they made such a scene that the whole procession was held up.

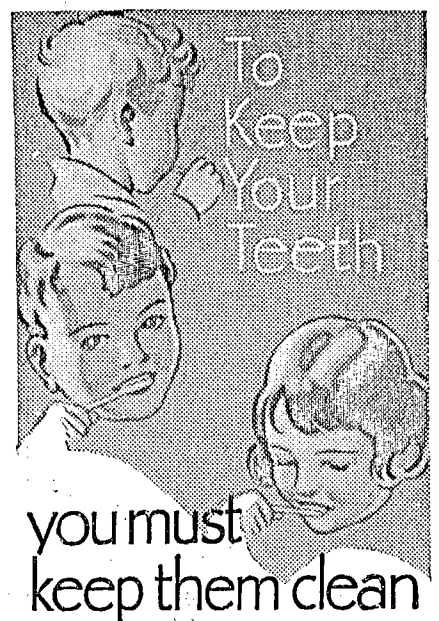
As fast as he could, the policeman rushed forward and ended the scrimmage by tugging Jacko away.

"You'll come with me when the show's over," he growled, grasping him firmly by the collar.

It was hard lines on Jacko, for it was not his fault; but the policeman was too angry to let him explain.

But a little later on, when the crowd began to move, Jacko very quietly watched his chance to wriggle free.

A sudden, sharp jerk made the constable look down. There, to his amazement, was the collar in his hand. Jacko had disappeared!



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Free of all charge please send a week's sample  
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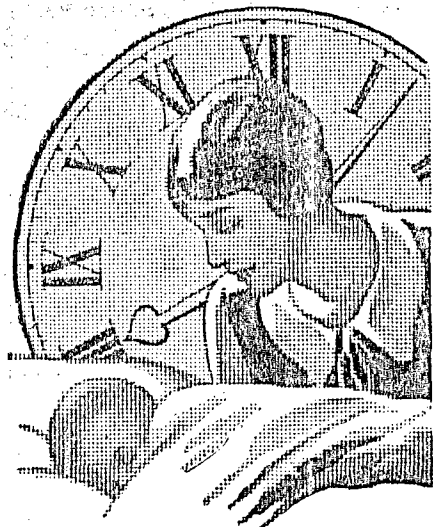
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Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



# His Christmas present will promote him to the rank of 1st. Engineer...

*What about you?*

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You fellows who are going to follow in the footsteps of Lindbergh and Kaye Don—here's your chance to prove your mettle! Join the K.K.K.—short for the Kliptiko Klan! The only condition for membership is ownership of a Kliptiko outfit—and, as soon as you are a member, I'll send you a splendid diploma, appointing you to the rank of engineer—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, or 6th Engineer, according to the size of your set! And, as a member, you can not only build all sorts of fascinating working models, but you can write to, help, and be helped by other members of "the Klan" throughout Great Britain—fellows with the same sort of hobbies as yourself . . . fellows with ideas, initiative and active brains! Fill in this coupon, and I'll send you full details by return, in time for Christmas.

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# KLIPTIKO KLAN

## FILL IN THIS COUPON

Fill in this coupon now and send it to me at the following address:

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KLIPTIKO KLAN, WEAMAN ST.,  
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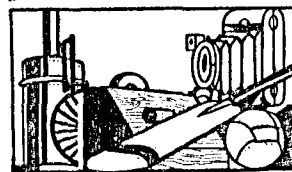


THIS DIPLOMA IS  
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This splendid diploma carrying with it the rank of K.K.K. Engineer is waiting to be claimed by you, as soon as you own a Kliptiko outfit. So start saving now; or, as it's nearly Christmas—well, it's wonderful what a casual hint can do! In any case, don't lose any time, but fill in the coupon now, and let me send you fuller details.

## ENROL YOUR PALS AND WIN A PRIZE

How would you like to win a Brownie Wireless Set—or a topping pistol torch? You can—simply by enrolling your pals as members of the K.K.K. Every new member you introduce to the Klan earns you a certain number of points, according to the size of his outfit, and so many points entitles you to a prize!



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Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for Xmas Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by  
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market  
Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.  
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All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to 'customers giving collectors' addresses.

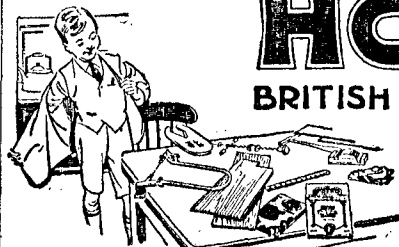
H. WATKINS,

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 12, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

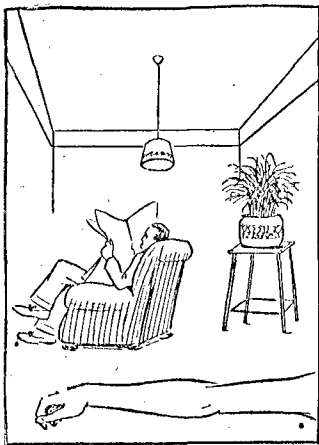
## THE BRAN TUB

### George's Clock

GEORGE, who is rather proud of his ability to understand all things mechanical, has been tinkering with the dining-room clock which went wrong the other day. Unfortunately he seems to have made things worse than ever, for when the church clock struck four the dining-room clock indicated twenty minutes past twelve, and at ten minutes past seven it indicated twenty-five to two.

Can you see what has happened?  
Answer next week

### A Picture Puzzle



FIND the four words represented here and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each word will spell something that is with us now.  
Answer next week

### How They Worked

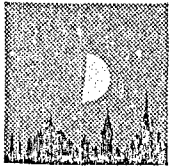
**FitzGerald.** The translator of Omar Khayyam, Edward FitzGerald, had no intention of seeking fame. The only reason he had his books printed was that he might give copies to his friends. He worked simply to entertain himself and them. Jokingly he wrote "I am of that superior race of men that are quite content to hear themselves talk and to read their own writing."

### What Am I?

I'm high, I'm low, I'm short, I'm long,  
I'm thin, I'm thick, I'm weak, I'm strong,  
I'm plain, I'm fancy, handsome too,  
For comfort's sake I'm used by you;  
I'm found in every place you roam, Mountain, valley, and at home.  
I please sometimes, at others tease; I cause you pain, I give you ease;  
Abuse me not, and I'm your friend, I'll take you to your journey's end.  
Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-West. In the evening Venus, Mercury, Saturn, and Mars are in the South-West, Uranus is in the South, and Jupiter is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, December 16.



**When Granny Was Quite Small**  
WHEN Great-Grannie was quite small (So she one day said)  
People wore some woollen caps  
When they went to bed.

The carpet wore some drugget on  
The stairs and on the floors;  
Antimacassars trimmed the chairs,  
And sandbags decked the doors.

The gentlemen wore whiskers  
And the ladies wore long trains,  
And—they hadn't heard of wireless,  
Motor-cars, or aeroplanes.

### An Egg Puzzle

A MAN had two eggs for his breakfast every day. He never bought these eggs, neither did he steal them nor win them in

any kind of competition. They were not given to him and he did not keep fowls.  
How did he get the eggs?  
Answer next week

### Beheaded Word

MY whole is what all buyers ask.  
Behead me, then I'm a grain.  
To make me warm is quite a task  
When I'm beheaded again.  
Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Le foyer La groseille Le globe

On va faire du feu dans le foyer.  
La groseille à maquereau est mûre.  
Cherchons les pôles sur ce globe.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Salary Puzzle. £450

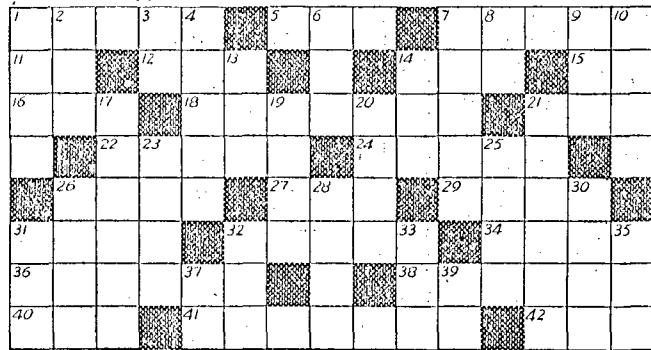
A County Puzzle. Nottinghamshire  
Word Pyramid Squares

B  
WYE \* \* \* \*  
CORAL \* \* \* \*  
GROOVES \* \* \* \*  
PENINSULA \* \* \* \*

What Country is This? Siberia

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answers will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. A dwelling. 5. Employ. 7. Last. 11. Above and touching. 12. An emmet. 14. A goblin. 15. Negative. 16. Mightier than the sword. 18. In a tasteful manner. 21. Bustle. 22. A happening. 24. Rest. 26. To wither. 27. A High Priest. 29. Entirely absorbed. 31. Cushions. 32. To entertain. 34. A shrub of the plum genus. 36. Little islands. 38. Irrigates. 40. Definite article. 41. Resisted. 42. To witness.

**Reading Down.** 1. Trust. 2. A unit. 3. South Africa\*. 4. To go in. 6. To place in position. 7. A fugitive. 8. Suggests something conditional. 9. Conjunction. 10. To gaze. 13. Suburn. 14. Forty-five inches. 17. A sharp pinnacle of rock. 19. The principal body of a plant. 20. The Thames at Oxford. 21. Popular fruit. 23. An ornamental vessel. 25. Where the Sun rises. 26. Part of a window. 28. Popular children's game. 30. Lacerated. 31. A deep hole. 32. Poisonous snake. 33. A sheep. 35. Compass point \* 37. In the direction of. 39. An announcement.\*

## Dr MERRYMAN

### What's In a Name?

THE waiter was a very friendly kind of fellow.  
"Sometimes a pearl is found in oyster stew," he said.  
"H'm!" grumbled the guest.  
"I'm looking for the oyster!"

### A Home Station

THERE was no wireless set in Auntie's home, but she heard a lot about the radio when she visited her nephews.  
"That's tuned in beautifully," she said, as sounds came from the next room.  
"But, Auntie," protested Peter, "that's the vacuum cleaner."

### Molly's Mistake



A CERTAIN young person called Molly  
Thought electric light bulbs grew like holly;  
So she planted lots  
In earthenware pots;  
But oh, how she paid for her folly!

### The Yellow Peril

TEACHER: What is the Yellow Peril, Johnnie?  
John: A banana skin on the pavement, miss.

### Why, Of Course

SCRIBBLER'S new novel was called *The Painful Vacuum*. "Peculiar sort of title," said his best friend; "how can something that's empty be painful?" "Have you ever had headache?" asked Scribbler quietly.

### Silence

MRS NEWRICH had social ambitions, and she considered that it would be helpful if the great violinist were to dine at her house. Having asked him to do so, she added as an afterthought: "And please bring your violin with you."  
"My violin never dines, madam," was the great musician's reply.

## Mummy has the same breakfast as me!

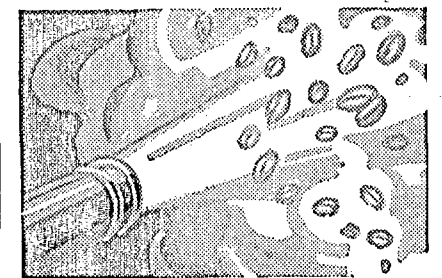


PAMELA needs no persuasion to eat Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Every morning she is eager to enjoy a plateful of these tempting grains.



MOTHER, too, likes these fascinating grains and is delighted to see Pamela enjoy them so, for she knows the rich nourishment they provide.

For lazy appetites and childish digestions Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are ideal. Ready to serve, they contain all the nourishment of a hot cooked cereal. Puffed Rice is specially selected rice in its most nourishing and tempting form. Puffed Wheat contains the vital food elements of the wheat grain necessary for healthy growing bodies.



FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice and wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.

TRY THEM BOTH—ASK YOUR FAMILY WHICH THEY PREFER

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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

RICHARD was playing with his ball in the front garden when it bounced over the fence on to the next-door path.

He could see that it was lying not very far from the front gate, so he thought Mr Little would not mind if he went in and fetched it.

He didn't know Mr Little, because he had only lately come to live next door; but Mother had known him ever since she was a little girl, when they had both lived in the same village.

Mother was away; but Richard thought that, although Mr Little looked rather severe, he couldn't mind him fetching his ball.

So he went into the road and looked over the gate.

There was the ball lying on the path; and as there was no one about to ask, only the grey parrot by the window, Richard pushed open the gate.



Richard was startled

As he was going in a stern voice shouted, "Go away, you naughty little boy. I'll fetch a policeman!"

Poor Richard was so startled that he ran back home as fast as he could.

Then when he came back from school that afternoon Mary told him that Mr Little had sent a message for him to go in next door.

"I suppose he's going to lecture me about my ball," thought Richard, as he went rather reluctantly up the front path. He noticed that his ball was no longer there.

The maid showed him into the dining-room, where tea was laid. Mr Little got up from his chair, and was just about to speak when an angry voice exclaimed, "Go away, you naughty little boy. I'll fetch a policeman!"

Mr Little looked round and burst out laughing.

## OVER THE GARDEN WALL

"Be quiet, you rude bird," he said to the parrot, who was sitting on her perch in the corner. "You must excuse her," he said to Richard; "she sometimes says that to strangers. But you are not a stranger, because I knew your mother when she was a little girl. We must be friends. Now shall we start with tea?"

Richard laughed too. He told Mr Little how the parrot had frightened him from fetching his ball that morning.

"Oh, I wondered if it was your ball," said Mr Little. "I kept it for you in case it should be."

And they both laughed so much at Polly that she sniffed angrily. She did not like being laughed at.